THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXI—No. 1057

MARCH 5, 1924

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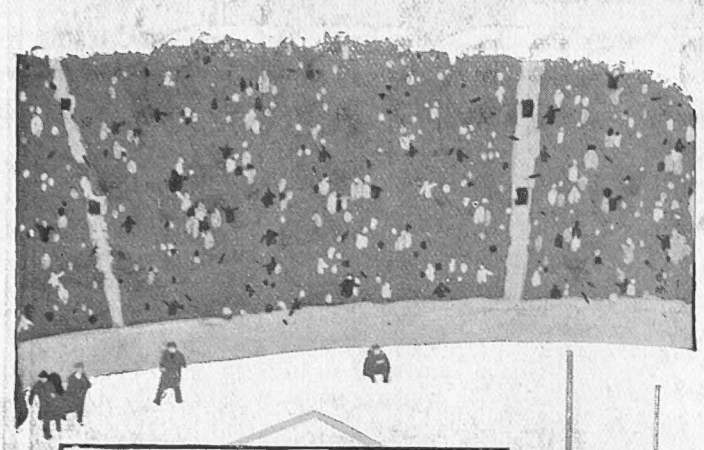

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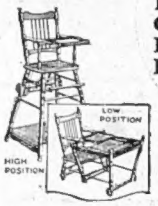

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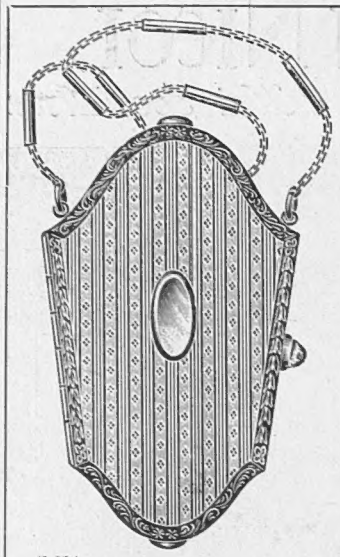

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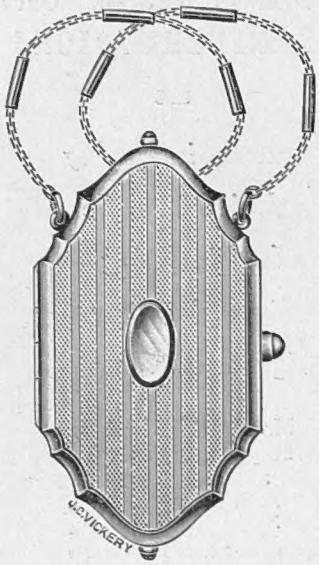

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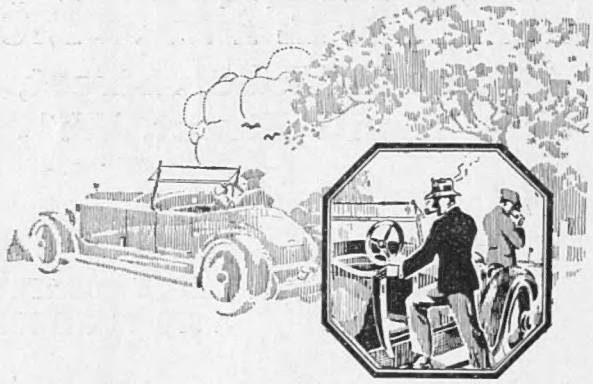

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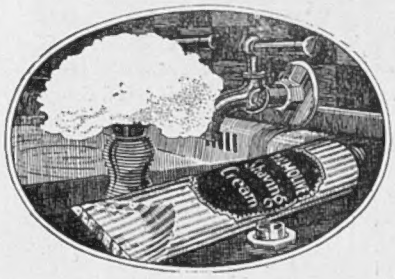

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P.153c. Bystander, March 5.

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ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

Hard Times for Clubs

THOSE wives who resent the influence of "the Club" in the lives of their husbands will be pleased to learn that most of these institutions are on the verge of bankruptcy, and that even the most famous of them will find it very difficult to weather the storm. About 90 per cent. of the London clubs increased their subscriptions from two to five guineas some while ago, and as there are still deficits, the committees are at their wits end to know what to do next.

Why Not Amalgamate?

HERE is a chance for some financial genius to win immortality. Let us survey the problem. If another two guineas is put on the subscriptions, members will fall away like leaves in autumn, and the last state of that club will be worse than the first. If the price of whisky is increased, down will go the drink consumption—only a moral victory this. If less desirable members are admitted, the old die-hards will leave. Then what are the committees to do? I can only suggest that they amalgamate with some set of kindred souls—and what would happen to the Athenæum in *that* event?

A Tale from Texas

A WILD and woolly man from Texas has been waging the old, old war against the exportation of American brides and American gold. He suggests a 99 per cent. dowry tax, which is a bit steep when you come to think of it, but this is only a section of his little scheme, for if poppa leaves any money to her ladyship, this terrible Texan wants to take 75 per cent. of it. As the British people are subsidising the American nation to a very great extent, I'm afraid there isn't much logic in the argument, for, after all, it is only our own money coming back to us—after many days.

"God Knows What" Parmoor

THE old adage of the house divided against itself must be in the minds of many occupants of the Upper House just now. Poor Lord Parmoor and, in a lesser degree, Lord Haldane are coming in for some very adverse criticism for their Labour sympathies, the latest critic being the Duke of Atholl, who referred to the two noble lords as "horny-handed sons of toil." Continuing, he said that he had known Lord Parmoor as a Unionist and then as a Liberal, and he knew him now as "God knows what." Reminds one of Puritan times—God Knows What Parmoor!

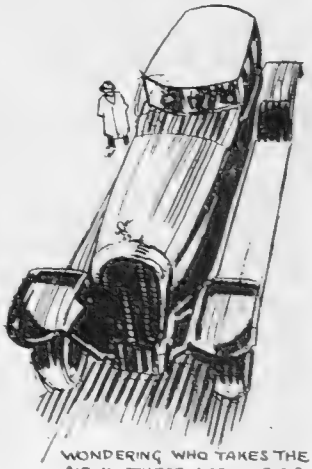
Yes! We have Fish

UNTIL to-day I have always felt sorry for those patient souls who sit all night on the banks of the Thames trying to catch fish. They make themselves nests in the rushes, and their stock-in-trade seems to consist of a bottle of beer and a packet of sandwiches. I have always wondered why they are there—whether they have quarrelled with their wives or are waiting for the baby to get out of the teething stage. It has never occurred to me that they really expect to get a bite—apart from the sandwiches, of course. And now I learn that the Thames Angling Preservation Society have placed 348,000 fish in the river below Staines. My apologies to all concerned.

Missing the Millionaire

I NEVER walk through the far-flung suburbs of the Metropolis without wondering who are the people who can afford to live in all those large houses and take the air in those large cars. I wonder what they have done to secure so large a prize in the great lottery of life, and, musing thus on the unfairness of things, I not infrequently escape with my life as yet another Daimler dashes by. The anonymity of wealth has always intrigued me, and you can, therefore, imagine the surprise with which I read of that four and a quarter million

(Continued on page 529)



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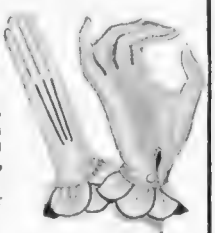

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fortune left by a late resident of Leighton Buzzard. How did we come to overlook him? Left wondering!

Any Excuse—

It is said that the London theatres are experiencing the biggest slump for twenty years, and everyone is asking why a Dockers' Strike should have the effect of keeping people away from the playhouses. The answer is, I suppose, that we are not a nation of theatre-goers, and that we leap at any excuse to stop away from the theatre. Either the weather is too hot or too cold. Either the play is too serious or too funny. Either we are too old or we are too young. Consequently, when we get a really sound reason for stopping at home—such as a heat-wave at Wigan or a snow-storm in the Shetlands, a glow of satisfaction comes over us, and up go the "notices" in Shaftesbury Avenue and the Strand.

Those Stars Again

While we are nibbling at theatrical topics, we might do worse than consider the strictures passed upon players and playgoers by that excellent producer, Mr. Barry Jackson. These strictures are so stringent that one is almost prepared to find the present lessee of the Court Theatre producing, in the near future, that moving drama, *Back to Birmingham*. Mr. Jackson is pained to see the name of the leading actor featured in such large type. He thinks the author should get more of a look-in, and I suppose we are all sympathetic on that score. But, as Robert Evett points out, the author is the first to clamour for a big name on the programme, and what is the good of paying an actor a couple of hundred pounds a week if you don't let the public know that he is playing the leading part?

The Sage of Brum

The old gibe at people who come to the theatre "merely for entertainment," leaves me cold. Why else should they come? They may mend their morals at the church and stimulate their intellects at University Extension Lectures. If we need one day's rest in seven, we can certainly do with three hour's recreation in twenty-four. Naturally, brainy people may demand entertainment of a brainy kind, and if they demand it in sufficient numbers, they will find a brainy manager to take their money, but to suggest that any producer is under any sort of obligation to toe the intellectual line laid down by the Sage of Brum is the sheerest poppycock. Horribly commercial, but horribly true!

Artists at Play

It has been the fashion for years past to speak of the Latin Quarter with bated breath, and to say that the London artist is a sad dog. This convention was finally exploded on the occasion of the London Sketch Club's annual ball, surely the best and brightest thing of its kind ever held in this Metropolis. All the tickets were taken up by members of the Club, and as the attendance was strictly limited to artists and their close personal friends the gathering had all the joyous attributes of a huge family party. A great night!

Rugger

Football enthusiasm is reaching fever pitch, and there will be great doings at Twickenham when England meets Scotland on Saturday week. I thought that the Frenchmen put up an uncommonly good fight, and if they continue to improve as they are doing, they will have a winning year before very long. But I fancy it will be some weeks before they tire of telling how Catcheside scored his sensational try, and I hope he won't break his neck at the second attempt.

Strange Gods

Roedean, that famous forcing-ground on the Brighton cliffs for the modern young woman, has selected its new Head, and it will be interesting to note if there is any tendency for the pendulum to swing back from brawn to brain. I don't suggest that the Roedean girl has ever been lacking in cleverness—a clever girl will be clever in any setting—but I have watched those vigorous young Amazons from the top of the Rottingdean bus, and concluded that they worshipped at the shrine of gods that their grandmothers would have considered strange indeed.

Modern Men and Maids

There is no "nonsense" about these modern young women, who spend their spare time slamming one another over the shins with hockey sticks. They are moral to a degree and healthy to a fault. They are as unsentimental as oysters, and their idea of sex is a mixed cricket match. They have very little use for the modern young man, and perhaps that is just as well, for the modern young man is afraid of them. And now, having made myself thoroughly unpopular, permit me to change the subject.

A. P. Herbert—Humorist

It is always pleasant to meet a man of intellect who is not a high-brow. Being neither, I don't speak from experience, but I am assured that it is not easy to possess a superior mental equipment and yet remain on terms of close sympathy with the aspirations of more ordinary folk. Consequently, I welcomed the jolly stuff talked at the London School of Economics the other evening by that first-class humorist, Mr. A. P. Herbert. The high-brow is a horrid person, who is never saved by his occasional cleverness, and when we meet a man who has every excuse for putting on frills—and doesn't, we cannot be too grateful.

HIS MAJESTY THE "BOLSHIE!" By Blam
(With apologies to the well-known picture)

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph G. P. U.

A GOOD JUDGE OF IDEAL HOMES

The Duchess of York leaving Olympia after opening the "Ideal Home" Exhibition last week

Queen Mary

HAVE you noticed how very seldom Royal engagements are given up because of ill-health? As a matter of fact, it frequently happens that where other people with a less keen sense of public duty would throw up an engagement because of a *migraine*, or some slight ailment, members of the Royal Family say nothing of their indisposition, but just carry on rather than disappoint the public.

The notice, therefore, that the Queen would not be able to accompany the King to the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe's dinner-party early last week, because of a cold, led a good many people to think that Her Majesty had fallen a victim to the prevailing influenza. Happily, this was not the case. Colds are no respecters of persons, and the Queen, like many of her wise lieges, stopped within doors until it was better, rather than run the risk of making it worse by going out in the Arctic weather.

"As You Were!"

WE are all learning the power of minorities, but when all the good dames of one's acquaintance took it for granted that the coming in of a Labour-Socialist Government would lop trains, veils, and feathers from Court dresses, I thought they were unduly pessimistic.

It seemed unreasonable that the dress of hundreds of women should be decided by the objection of a handful of other women who, if they didn't want to conform to the rules, could stop away from the Courts. And so it has turned out. There are to be no changes in feathers, veils, or trains. You will remember that at the first Courts after the War, trains were not worn. The order was given in the interests of economy. In effect, it was no economy at all, and the spectacle of even graceful women making their two curtseys without any kindly covering to the backs of their ankles was such that the onlookers could scarcely suppress their smiles. Hence the return of the train.

Photograph G. P. U.

"SOME OF THE COMMITTEE, THOUGHT THEY WOULD BE WITTY——"

Though not necessarily in this case. The handsome gentlemen with the manly be-ribboned bosoms are not Good Templars, but Committeemen of the famous Pitt Club at Cambridge, which started off its Annual Ball last week to the tune of "Monkey Nuts." Names: Mr. E. Mellish Clark, Mr. R. H. Parker, Mr. R. H. Studholme, Mr. A. L. Barclay, Mr. R. C. Huband, Mr. R. A. Pearson, Mr. W. E. Seely, Mr. W. F. Smith, and Mr. J. Spencer

Frugal Millionaires

THE Government, I think, should offer some reward to millionaires who live frugally—frugally, that is, for millionaires. And as nobody knows how poor an apparently rich man may be, or how rich an apparently "moderate means" man may be until he dies, the reward, I suppose, would have to be a statue or a recording *plaque*. There doesn't seem anything else.

I suggest the reward because your frugal millionaire is a tremendous asset to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and consequently is a person of patriotism, since the greater his frugality the greater his savings, and therefore the greater the haul in estate and legacy duties.

But all the same, saving must be uninteresting work if you are a millionaire. You are just piling up the shekels for the Government. Take the case of the late Mr. J. T. Mills, Lady Chesham's grandfather, for example. He inherited a million odd from his father, and at his death the one million was found to have grown into over four. And at one fell swoop the Treasury takes nearly half of the four, with endless estate and legacy duties to follow after. Such is the reward of thrift amongst millionaires!

However, I suppose, it is difficult to spend £160,000 a year—and that is a low estimate of the return from a four million pound fortune—if you have what are called

Photograph] **GETTING A SWISS ROLL ON IT** [*A. J. Cooper*

A familiar Swiss scene and, apparently, a necessary part of every curling match—the camera appointment after the game. Our picture shows members of the Engiadina Club and the Arosa team, who played their annual match at Arosa, the St. Moritz Club winning by 21 stones to 11. Names: Messrs. M. Conrad, E. Bettmann, R. Hauser, President Badan, A. D. Tisdall, F. Bullock, P. Wieland, General Chandos and Pole Gell

simple tastes. On the other hand, these vast savings are only kept out of circulation for a frugal millionaire's lifetime. Directly he dies the Chancellor of the Exchequer swoops down and takes a goodly proportion to add to his Budget.

Blythswood House

THERE is a rumour that Blythswood House may be given up by Lord Blythswood, not because of its expense in maintenance, or pressing cares upon its owner, but because of the spreading of Glasgow.

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE CAMBRIDGE 'CHASES

The Hon. John Bingham, Lord Lucan's second son, "taking silk" (Cambridge style), Mrs. J. Swaine, Lady Barbara Bingham, and Lord Charles Cavendish at the Cottenham Point-to-Point Meeting

The park, it is said, is wanted by the Glasgow Corporation for a big electricity station. The house, in which every Royalty visiting Glasgow from Queen Victoria downwards has stayed, would be useless without the park, and as the gradual creeping of Glasgow nearer and nearer to its gates has made a great difference to the "amenities" of Blythswood, trustees will sell if the Glasgow Corporation's offer is a suitable figure.

Lady Blythswood was a Fletcher of Saltoun and niece of the extremely wealthy Miss Emily Talbot, of Margam Abbey, who spent such large sums of money in building churches and in philanthropy generally. She left Lady Blythswood Penrice Castle, a beautiful place near Swansea, so if the need for a big electricity generating station does break the long Campbell connection with Glasgow, Lord and Lady Blythswood will still have Penrice as a country abode.

They have only one daughter, who is heiress to Penrice. Lord Blythswood's heir is his brother.

Marrying and Giving in Marriage

PEOPLE who were friends of all the families of the "high contracting parties" had a busy time of it at the end of last week. There were four weddings of the first rank and consequence in three days.

On Wednesday Lord Basing and Miss Molly Benson, niece of Colonel Benson, the husband of Eleanor, Viscountess Gort, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. On the same day Lord Apsley, Earl Bathurst's heir, was married to Miss Viola Meeking at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. On Thursday Earl Winterton, M.P., and the Hon. Monica Wilson, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Nunburnholme, chose St. George's, Hanover Square, for their wedding; and, to complete the quartette, on Friday Mr. Michael Beaumont, Lord Allendale's nephew, and the Hon. Faith Pease, Lord Gainford's second daughter, were married at the Guards' Chapel in Wellington Barracks.

Of the four, the Apsley and the Winterton weddings were the most crowded, there being a large political contingent at each. Lord Winterton is the only earl sitting in the House of Commons. He does so by virtue of his Irish peerage, which does not give him a seat in the Lords. He entered the Commons when he was twenty-one — exactly twenty years ago — and was then known as the "Baby of the House." His bride is twenty-two.

Photograph **GRACE WITH MEALS** *G.P.U.*

Mr. W. Briscoe's party taking an open-air lunch very much as a matter of "course" at the Cambridge 'Chases. In the keen open air of last week no one refused a second helping, we were told

Photograph *Personality Photo. Co.*

A PARK LANE BALL

Some of the guests who attended the recent ball, held at Sir Philip Sassoon's Park Lane residence, in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital. The group includes the Prince of Wales, Prince George, Lord Beatty, Sir Robert Horne, Sir Philip Sassoon and Lord and Lady Northampton

A Wise Decision

I HAVE never been able to see the logic of debarring taxis from all the roads in Hyde Park, except the one running from Kensington Gore to the Bayswater Road, and which divides Hyde Park from Kensington Gardens. Of course, the rule

Photograph *Topical*

"THE WAY OF THE WORLD"

Lady Markham (right) and Miss Beckett, daughter of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Beckett at the Derby meeting last week, when owing to the treacherous conditions of the going, three horses met with fatal accidents

dates from the time when hackney coaches were not allowed amongst the glittering equipages of the eighteenth century "quality." It was maintained through the period when Hyde Park was the rendezvous of fashion on summer afternoons. But the motor-car has made the rule ridiculous. Who dreams now of "taking an airing" in Hyde Park in their motor-car? Even the most rheumaticky dowager goes out to Wimbledon Common, and the younger folk go very much further afield.

So Hyde Park has practically become a thoroughfare for private motor-cars. It was, therefore, illogical to continue the rule against taxi-cabs, seeing one road is already free to them, and hundreds of people will be thankful to Mr. Jowett, the First Commissioner of Works, for his decision to allow them to be driven through the Park.

LOOKING AFTER MUMMIE
Mrs. George Fogt and her small son Peter ski-ing at Mégève, near Chamonix

In the season, especially, the chronic congestion of Park Lane will be greatly relieved, and at all times of the year people crossing from Paddington to Victoria or *vice versâ* will be grateful to Mr. Jowett for their lessened taxi-fares. I don't know any place in London where the threepences mount up so quickly as at the Piccadilly end of Park Lane.

The privilege, however, carries with it the wise stipulation that taxis must not ply for hire in the Park. They can only pass through.

"Slim"

FOR "slimness" commend me to the heroine of this little story, a dowager not unknown in the great world. The lady was extravagant. During her husband's lifetime she had never been able to dress within her allowance. In her widowhood every year there was a big gap between her income and her expenditure.

The gap grew bigger and bigger. Dressmakers, milliners, bootmakers and grocers refused further credit. Finally, there was nothing for it but bankruptcy. The ladies' daughters, married to wealthy men, for a variety of reasons did not wish their mother to be made bankrupt. Through their persuasion a family meeting was called—the mother, the daughters and their husbands. The total of the dowager's indebtedness was distinctly staggering, a much higher figure than any of them had anticipated.

After much discussion, the sons-in-law arrived at their decision. They could not afford the total amount, but they would pay the creditors so much per cent. on their bills, the dowager through her lawyer making the offer to the tradespeople, with the further statement that if she went bankrupt they would get nothing at all, as she herself had nothing but her jointure.

Straight from the solution of her difficulties, the dowager went to luncheon with a very rich friend; and, as ladies have a habit of doing, they spent the afternoon shopping. The friend was, naturally, a welcome customer at the dressmakers and milliners, and, shining in this reflected credit, the dowager seized the opportunity of buying dresses, hats, capes, etc., "off the peg." Within a few days these unfortunate folk received a letter from the dowager's lawyer offering the percentage of their bills settled at the family meeting, or, failing their acceptance, nothing at all!

One of the shops thus victimised had already refused the dowager further credit, but when she came with her wealthy friend they did not dare to refuse for fear of offending one of their best customers, a fact on which the "slim" old lady relied.

The episode suggests a new motto, "If you haven't got credit yourself, go shopping with those who have."

Photographs
Dr. Vickers (left), Mrs. Ralli, Lady Chichester and Mr. Ralli in "The Bystander" Golf Competition at Mont Agel

The Riviera Week by Week

THERE are balls every night for the dance—crazy now. That for the French Fête the other day in the Salle Ganne, which only began at eleven o'clock after a fine representation of *Monna Vanna*, was very gay, and the show dancers—the Spanish Maria Dalhaïcin and the Russian Nina de Vallina—were charming. But the most amazing of the season was the Bal d'Affiches, or Poster Ball, for the benefit of big families and other charities, for which 100 francs entry was charged. There had previously been a really quaint exhibition of posters, ancient and modern, at the Beaux Arts, and the costumes were wonderful reproductions, as well as full of initiative. There were a number of theatrical celebrities assisting, such as Betove, Max Dearly, Mlle. Napier-Kouska, Peggy Vere and Yvonne Chazel, while it was everywhere announced "Le Bal sera *animé* par Monsieur André de Fouquières"—the ever-youthful society leader of *cotillons* of some sixty summers! The first prize of the Tombola was a pearl necklace worth £300. Several bands varied the never-ceasing gaiety of a glorious night, which began very late, in fact after the prolonged gala dinner and procession of mannikins at the Café de Paris was over. A big crowd danced the flying hours into daylight. Mrs. George Butler wore a lovely frock of pale pearl colour much embroidered with crystal. A big flower on the left side held the loose sash in place. Mr. and Mrs. Barnett Gow brought a large party from Menton. Mrs. Gow looked very handsome in black, with silver embroidery. Miss Gow was charming in a gold and ruby frock. A pretty girl was very attractive as a seagull, with the head and wing on the head and the bodice and soft white frock covered with the lovely white plumage.

THERE was also a popular afternoon dance on board the French battle-cruiser, *Mulhouse*, in the port of Monaco. The music of the naval band attracted a great crowd on Sunday to the terrace, where it played in the morning. A new arrival in the port is the fine yacht of Prince Coloredo, flying the Czecho-Slovakian standard. Lots of dances at Menton and at Beaulieu during the gala week, when the Hotel Bristol was very gay. Many notables are there just now. The Duke of Connaught, besides Lady Patricia Ramsay, had his son—Prince Arthur—with him on his way home after visiting eleven countries in three years of hard work. His sister—Princess Louise—is at the Grand Hotel, Cap Ferrat. There was the Tennis Club Ball, fancy dress dinner and dance, battle of flowers, concerts, with the picturesque choir of the Cossacks of the Don in their national costumes. The tennis tournament was a great success.

LORD EDWARD GROSVENOR recently dined at the Paris, Colonel and Mrs. Balsan (who was the Duchess of Marlborough), the Duke of Westminster, Mrs. Wilfred Ashley, Major Gunning, Lady Poulett, Mr. and Mrs. George

Mrs. Bond (left), the Hon. Denys Scott, Mrs. Denys Scott and Major Faudel-Phillips

E. Navello

Capt. S. Kennedy and Miss Style (runners-up), with Mr. Young and the Misses Style

Some of the competitors in our Golf Competition held at the Mont Agel Golf Course. Though we cannot congratulate them all as winners, we can, and do, on going down gallantly in what proved to be a close and enjoyable contest

Lambton, and Lord Sefton. At the crowded Sunday Gala, Mr. and Mrs. Macomber entertained Princess Rospigliosi, Captain Cope, Mrs. Bodley, Mrs. Elger, Mrs. Rowan, and Mr. and Mrs. Graves. The guests of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Oppenheim were Lord Pembroke, the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bethell, the Hon. Lois Sturt, and Mr. and Mrs. Seton de Winton. Other diners were Sir Ralph Blois, Lord Molyneux, Marquis Malvezi, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt Barton, the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough, Princess Hohenlohe, Sir Harold and Lady Bowden, Sir Thomas Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crichton, Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton Wedderburn, Baron and Baronne Gunsbourg, Sir Gilbert and Lady Fox, Lord Illingworth, Field-Marshal Lord French.

MISS WRIGHT AND MR. F. A. JACKSON

Who played in the winning foursome at Mont Agel. They tied with Lady Ellis-Griffith and her son Ellis with a score of two down

LADY ELLIS-GRIFFITH AND HER SON

Who tied for first place with Miss Wright and Mr. Jackson in "The Bystander" Golf Competition at Mont Agel

THE Mirabeau Hotel, looking on the Casino gardens and on the sea, is now a favourite resort for lunch and dinners on account of its really excellent cuisine and moderate prices. It is close to the station and the rooms, and is always crowded.

Photographs *E. Navello*

SOME MORE OF OUR CHEERFUL COMPETITORS

Mr. J. H. Brooke (left), Miss Cotgrave, Mrs. Bell, Mr. Pickering, Miss Pickering and Mrs. Pickering

AT the Mont Agel Golf Course, the tie for the International Sporting Club Prize between Captain G. Wilder (6) and Mr. T. Graham (14) was played off on the 20th, resulting in a win for Mr. T. Graham, who again returned a Medal Card of 70 net.

For the BYSTANDER Cups on February 21, thirty-six Mixed Couples played against Bogey under handicap. A tie resulted between Mr. Ellis-Griffith (2) and his mother, Lady Ellis-Griffith, with Mr. F. A. Jackson (2) and Miss Wright (21) with a score of 2 down. Next came Captain Shaw Kennedy (15) and Miss Style (15) 3 down and Mr. Drage and Mrs. Chantrey 4 down.

AFTER recent heavy rains the course was difficult and muddy in places, and the scores were good for the conditions. This is probably the record foursome entry this season on the Riviera. Other couples were—Mr. Crighton and Mrs. Robert Fleming, who ascended Mont Baudoin the day before, despite the deep snow in places: Mr. C. S. Healing and Mrs. Lambert, the Hon. Denys Scott and Mrs. Scott, Mr. Ralli and Lady Chichester, Dr. Vickers and Mrs. Ralli, Mr. A. C. M. Croome and Mrs. Philipps Oppenheim, Major Faudel-Phillips and Mrs. Bond, Mr. Carter Campbell and Mrs. Marsden, Mr. Yeo and Mrs. Leslie Henson, Mr. J. H. Brooke and Miss Cotgrave, Colonel and Mrs. Rivett Carnac, Mr. and Mrs. Cullimore, Mr. C. Biron and Miss Blanche Davis, Major Birch and Mrs. Ames, Major Simpson and Mrs. Simpson, Mr. Jack Style and Miss Style.

There is now a daily motor service between Menton and the Mont Agel club house for golfers. It leaves the Agence Universel at Menton at 9.15 a.m.

MR. CROOME (who, when he was a boss in the Censorship was affectionately known as Crumbs) is as deadly a

match player as anyone you could name, and as good as he ever was, though it is getting on for forty years since he won the hurdles for Oxford and played for Oxford at Lords. He flies the three-foot wire fence round the Cannes club in his stride after 18 holes like a two-year-old. Still, he misses an English breakfast which he wouldn't in the old days. He was 4 up on Denys Scott in the Cannes Club match against Nice at the turn, but lost the match. The sun was so hot the outside blinds had to be lowered to protect the teams as they lunched on the verandah. Mr. Croome, along with Mr. J. L. Low and Mr. R. H. de Montmorency, founded the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society twenty-six years ago. What memories of happy days and never-to-be-forgotten match touring in America, etc. How nobly it has upheld the true traditions of the ancient game! Long holding the record for team matches in the "Society," Mr. Croome's long game has lost since the War, but he has made up for it by uncanny skill with a demon putter known far and wide as "Fanny," which has had many narrow escapes from perishing by fire through the malignant, if transitory, hate of famous men he has routed by magic.

In that severe annual test — the London Amateur Foursomes Tournament—"Fanny" in 1920, along with his partner Mr. G. L. Mellin, putted them convincingly to a glorious victory. He has not been fortunate in the competitions here. "Fanny" finds the air too rarefied perhaps. J. G. H.

RUGGER RAGGINGS

"VIVE LA FRANCE." By "PENDARVES"

ONE had continually to say *vive la France*, and polite inanities of that sort because we had two French guests with us. Monsieur Le Comte Carabieu and Monsieur Le Baron Pourquoipas had come over specially (minus Mesdames) to see France beat England on its own ground, and to celebrate that *formidable* fact in a few of our dance clubs afterwards. They lunched with us first at a haunt of well-known Rugby players, and I am afraid their hopes must have been dashed with bitters, other than those served before lunch, by hearing men laying longish odds that we should score at least twice as many points, and pleasant little encouragements of that sort. However, expressions like "*vive la France*, ol' man—what?" and "*à bas Poincaré n'est ce pas*—eh?" helped to keep them going until we got them to the ground.

There my accomplices basely deserted me for ring seats, and—er—other places, and I and my two French writers found ourselves sitting absolutely *in France*, in the Press Stand. I may say that the British Pressmen, at least all those anywhere near me, were entirely at a discount. The *real* critics of *le rugby* hemmed me in on every side, talking beautiful English, and thoroughly masters of the whole situation, something like this:

"*Mais, sacré nom de Dieu, il est vraiment épouvantable, ce Wakefield.*" . . . "*Mais, voyons, si, nos threes ce mettent un kilomêtre derrière l'ennemi il n'y aura plus rien à dire—hein?*" . . . .

And so on. They knew far more about the game than some of us chaps did. We kept terribly quiet about criticising French prowess. Once I ejaculated, "Oh, well *played*, sir," when their inimitable centre three-quarter, Behoteguy, with the brown knee-caps and black skull cap, got in a beautiful kick, I was corrected by a French journalist with the remark, "*mais non, mais non*, 'e is much too late wiv' 'is keeckin."

I thought he was extremely early myself, but subsided, abashed.

We were rather jack-in-the-boxey in our stand. As far as I could see there was a liaison of a close and intimate nature between the representatives of *L'Intérêt Du Sport*, sitting immediately in front of me, and the reporter for *Le Jour Après*, sitting three rows behind. Whenever anything happened, propitious or catastrophic for France, the *Sport* man would rise precipitately from his seat and begin a rapid fire conversation with his colleague of *The Day After*, as follows:

"*Ha! Tu vois—urgh? Ce Ballarin, il n'est pas mauvais. Il n-est p-a-s-s-s MAUVAIS!!*" (this was a propitious occasion). "*Oh, la! la!—mais franchement c'est une fantaisie de futbal!*" (This when they let Jacob run in alone, unaided and unattended.)

Unfortunately the French team bore no numbers on their backs. So British journalism *en masse* had to inquire, during the din of the shouting, who was which, of their French colleagues, thus:

"I say, 'xcuse me, old chap — who is that big forward, do you mind? Begyouaye? No. Begyouaye is playing centre-three, surely? *Oh*, Bequet—*I* see—thanks, awfully. Yes, yes, I understand it's Behoteguy playing three — many thanks." Then they would ask us:—

"How you call 'im ce Catsseed? Ah—*merci, merci, il est fort, ce garçon.*" So that there was a certain liveliness in our stand that afternoon.

I was frankly impressed by the French spectators' callousness to injury of their players. A Frenchman hurt his wrist (a mere nothing, I was assured), whereupon the team's medical attendant rushed on to the field with an enormous bag of medical comforts for the sick. The French Press were frankly bored with all this. After all, as one said, what is a mere wrist—*pouf!* Then very soon afterwards our man, Robson, was more seriously hurt. Again the gallant French medicine man, complete with bag of tools, came cantering on to the ground. Apparently this was too much for Robson altogether, for he sprang nimbly to his feet and hobbled away—much to the openly expressed disapproval of our journalistic gentlemen from oversea, who assured us he was quite a good practitioner, quite.

I was really sorry about Catcheside's high jump try. It caused a *bouleversement* round about us. To see a man leap over the head of Pardo, their full-back, who was about to hurl Catsseed into touch was *too* much.

"*Ah, non alors, mais ça c'est trop fort. . . .*"

But it was all *trop fort*, for France, though they fought a good fight throughout. We told the French Press so. "Damgoodshow," we called it.

I don't think they understood quite what we meant. But we led them to a long counter, under the Stand. They understood that.

Photograph *Central News*

"'TWAS ROSES, ROSES ALL THE WAY"

When the English XV beat France by a safe 19 points to 7 in the recent Rugger International. The rival captains, W. W. Wakefield (left) and F. Bordes, "standing to" for the photographer's benefit at half-time

A Family Foursome

Photograph *Speaight*

A new studio portrait of Lady Hambro, the wife of Colonel Sir Percy Hambro, K.B.E., and her three children, Everard, Susan and Patricia

All Things Considered

By HARTLEY CARRICK

DROWNING is an unpleasant death; but one of the parties to the dispute should be put in the dock.

. . . . . .

THE policy of the present Air Ministry might be described as being in the clouds. We have a voluble Minister, but we really don't want a hot-Air Force.

. . . . . .

AND it is about time that Mr. Wheatley climbed down the Poplar tree.

. . . . . .

Impetuous lover,
Who'd gladly discover
A good place to spoon in the dark,
Don't join the assembly
Who'll wamble at Wembley,
But wimble in Wimbledon Park.

. . . . . .

THE centenary of Byron provokes the question whether anyone nowadays takes notice of him. Certain offenders at Bow Street do!

. . .

WE learn that, owing to the strike, thousands of cases of bananas had to be destroyed. Yes, we have—no doubt that this will finally kill the tiresome catch phrase.

. . .

A PUBLISHER'S announcement states that a volume of Mr. Edward Shanks' poems, shortly to be issued, will contain verses on riding. We have all heard of Shanks' pony

. . .

IN view of the approaching England *v.* Scotland match at Twickenham, our Rugger expert states that, whatever the result, the match will certainly be a draw.

. .

WE read of a lawn-tennis player who, convinced that the umpire had given a wrong service decision, purposely drove the next ball out of court. Surely that is being generous to a fault.

A GOOD deal of newspaper space has been devoted to the fact that a certain Earl has been bitten by a horse in the hand. But any racing man will tell you he has his ear bitten regularly.

. . . . . .

GOOD ADVICE

Dear, should some swain, whom you would fain forget,
Suggest you sit while he does all the talking,
Follow the golden rule by Felix set,
And keep on walking!

. . . . . .

A VARIED assortment of new non-alcoholic drinks and ice cream sodas are to be provided at the Empire Exhibition. It sounds like a Sundae school idea.

. . . . . .

OWING to lack of accommodation, the vicar of a parish in Peckham has his vicarage in a public house. *Stout* fellow! But what will his bitter half have to say about it?

AT the moment of writing, there are all sorts of rumours about Epinard, the Lincolnshire Handicap candidate. "Has Epinard got the mumps?" asks a contemporary. Possibly, but some of our horses will get the pip if he runs.

. . .

TO be in the fashion to-day, the one word to be used on every possible occasion is, "GESTURE." What a chance for a ballad writer!

I don't love yer 'cos you're witty,
Nor becos you're more than pretty,
And it ain't becos you're sech a rippin' pal;
And it ain't that you're the sweetest,
And completest and PETITE-EST,
Nah! It's jest your little GESTURE, *little gal!*

. . . . . .

"TO have a bare back is to ask for trouble," writes a physician. But most girls go on grinning and baring it.

. . . . . .

SHE climbed dispiritedly to the top of the omnibus, followed by nine youngsters. "Crikey! missus," exclaimed the conductor, "are these all yours or is it a picnic?"

"I assure you, my good man," replied the lady, wearily, "they *are* all mine, and it is *no* picnic!"

. . .

WE are informed that Trotsky recently gave orders for a search to be made for some missing crown jewels. "Alas, comrade," said a faithful commissar, "we have nothing to regalia with!"

. . .

"THOSE Chelsea forwards ought to be given a life sentence," exclaimed a disappointed local supporter. They certainly look like having twelve months in the Second Division.

. . .

IN the Oxford crew at present there is no representative from Eton. But that fact does not Harrow our feelings.

. . . . . .

TO-DAY'S pious wish: If only those workmen who dig up our main thoroughfares would go on strike!

. . . . . .

AT most public dinners it isn't the meat on the menu, but the men you meet after dinner that upset you.

THE STOP-GAP By MAB TREEBY

FILM PRODUCER (*to Managing Director*): "Well, now we are through with this, I hope you'll let me get on to something really big"

All For Lawn

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A few timely suggestions for levelling our lawns in preparation for the coming tennis season

RALPH LYNN AND TOM WALLS

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced on February 1, 1924

THIS is that rather rare bird, a farce that is really funny. Perhaps it owes its success to the fact that the story is quite a serious one, turned into a farce only by the skill of the actors. Rodney Martin is a young man who does not like work; but his father has money, so he does not need to go to Poplar to get a free income. His father, Sir Henry Martin, finding that the young man is falling in love with the firm's typist, arranges with her that she shall accept his proposal in due course on the condition that he will go out into the cold, hard world and earn his own living. On his side, Sir Henry affects to have decided to cut off the young man's supply of money at the source, as a protest against what he considers a misalliance. Love proves to be the strong influence desired, and for the sake of the pretty typist, Rodney leaves his father's house and sets up in business for himself.

SIR HENRY MARTIN is at the head of a firm of soapmakers. Rodney, who has found a new recipe for making soap, proposes to compete with his father in the open market, and thus make the old man sorry for his harsh behaviour. This might have been the theme of a thrilling and emotional drama. Here it is made intensely funny by the happy versatility of Mr. Ralph Lynn, who seems to have a fresh piece of "business" for every new situation. In his enterprise, Rodney is aided by Ambrose Peale, a remarkably energetic performance by Mr. Will Deming. In Ambrose Peale's opinion, Rodney ought to spend all his available capital in advertising. Advertising is Peale's fetish, and he talks about it at considerable length, and with a rapidity that would be the despair of any shorthand writer who had to take down his golden words.

RODNEY begins at first without capital, and everyone knows that this is a handicap to the development of great commercial enterprises in a hurry. But Sir Henry in due course supplies a couple of thousand pounds, though Rodney does not know at first who has supplied the money. Then, as he points out, he has other sources that he can tap if he should become short of cash. A friend with the usual Scottish name, whom he has never seen, a Mr. Angus Levi, is always offering to lend him vast sums of money on his note of hand alone. It is perhaps the irony of fate that the man who is always most anxious to lend money to everybody should be a—Scotsman. In one way and another Rodney raises enough capital to be able to set up an office, and above all to advertise his new "No. 13 soap. Unlucky for dirt." Indeed, he has looked so far ahead, that he even contemplates the sale of the soap in France, and has posters ready with the words, "*Savon Treize. Pas Bon pour Sal.*" As an effort in "pidgin" French this ranks a good second to Mr. Arthur Roberts's famous "*Un petit morceau de tout droit.*"

THE French language, by the way, figures a good deal in the farce. Miss Cecilia Gold as a Comtesse talks a lot of French, and avails herself of the Gallic freedom of gesture in order to make her performance interesting to people who may not catch the drift of her words. Incidentally, Miss Gold speaks French very well, and if she can learn to say "*J'suis*" instead of "*Je suis*" she will do even better. I may explain that I once spent a whole fortnight in Paris, so that anyone can see that I know what I am talking about The Comtesse is anxious to secure the Paris agency for the new soap, and her interviews with Rodney Martin, who understands her only imperfectly, are genuinely amusing. As a matter of fact there are only about three cakes of No. 13 Soap in existence. They are the samples that are lying on the office table, so that if a big order came along Rodney and his partner would not be able to execute it.

BUT they want to push their very shaky business so far under Sir Henry Martin's nose that he will get cold feet and want to buy them out. It is their only chance. Sandwichmen parade up and down outside Sir Henry's house, calling attention to the virtues of No. 13 Soap; and wherever he goes by train or omnibus, Rodney and his partner contrive that an advertisement of this new soap shall come under the old man's eye. It is a soap *de luxe*, and costs half-a-crown a cake, against the more democratic article supplied by Sir Henry at sixpence per chunk. By degrees things begin to go very badly with Rodney and his friends. They cannot pay their rent, and they have debts in all directions. And then all at once there comes by telegram an order from a big Liverpool house for thousands and thousands of cakes of No. 13 Soap.

THE best thing the young men can think of in the emergency is to order the soap from Sir Henry's warehouses at fivepence a cake. As they are proposing to sell again at half-a-crown a time, it looks at last as if they are on to a really good thing. Indeed, I think of looking up the

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"COMMENTS on CURRENT POLITICALS AND SO FORTHS"

AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER FROM OUR JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

KINDLY to permit Hon. composing persons to set up in superior types, if not otherwisely engaged, the following memorandums which have struck me as follows.

This week I experience a considerable panic, but are now convalescent and shall soonly be mended. It transpired because the other day or so before last, Hon. friend accosted to ask me should I not like to meet some savages and share participations in orgies of same. "Not in these cylindricals," I response speedishly. "I have never contrived to adore these cannibalistics who make feastings upon Hon. ancestors and other carnal delicacies. Permit to offer my excuses."

"You are very ignoramus person, Yogo, and should endeavour to enrich the impoverishment of your intelligencies," Hon. friend repart snishishly. "Because that are so true, I do not wish they should enrich a pot-pourri or other barbaric savoury," I repost. "You are so stupid as a best-seller, Yogo," Hon. friend hulla. "I speak of the Savages Club where are all good fellows and Bohemics who love song and mirth." "O, that are horse of a different tune," I depose. "Permit I should accompany you to this Bacchic festive." But my apprehensives returned with increased vigours when I debarked with Hon. friend at the savage portals and observed the blood-thirsting spectacular of fierce weapons and skewers and other deadly lethals garnishing the walls. "Should it not be of considerable discretion to make speedy exits in lieu of accidents? O yes, let us evap to alphabetical bun shop and feast upon poached egg and other chaste dishes," I depose huskishly. "You are so very foolish, Yogo, I shall itch to slap you," Hon. friend revoke.

"Let us make progressions N.W., where I shall purchase liquid cheers." I follow aforesaidly to smallish apartment where many numerous Hon. gents regale their healths with non-mineral beverages. "This are the Savage lair," Hon friend inform, "will you partake a cockstail or split?" These savage cockstails and splits are very luscious fluids, so that my numerals became somewhatly commingled, but perhapsly they were 4 or 6. After the good dinner feastings, Hon. chair gent hit his table with a knobhawk to make Hon. performing persons vociferate songfully, which did, and I hollow the chorus words with much savagery. We again seek the lair N.W. with other convivals and my numerals became more vastly commingled. At *a* or *p.m.*, I make to reproduce my steps towards lodging abode and vociferate, "Another diminutive stimulent shall not provoke in us any nonjurious or other unfortunate effects." But I do not think Hon. poet who wrote this duet had received hospitables from the Savages Club.

"The Savage Club"

I have read that Hon. Atheniums Club shall make to celebrate its century this year. Thusly so far I have not visit this gayish society, but should it not be delicious to observe these ancient sportsters performing their centenials with songs, dancings and good cheers? O yes, I should greatly adore to observe these junkets by persons whose hearts are so pristine they can continue alive for a 100 years. Let us wish good lucks to these ancient Atheniums and good sporting persons and hope all shall live to enjoy good feastings and convivials in 2024.

All gay metropolitan persons should suffer rejoicements at news that soonly

"Hon. Atheniums Club shall make to celebrate its century this year"

"Gondolas on the Thames"

we shall be provide with gondolas on the Thames. That are goodish news, for shall it not be sweetish to languish in these aquatic vessels and listen to the nocturnal singings of lovers masquerading their fairs with guitars and other wind pipes at Wapping or Barking or perhapsly Rotherhithe? O yes, I bemuse, this should be very elegant entertainings for romantic persons who do not acquire nose colds, pneumonics and other inflictions from damp airs by moonlight. Perhapsly Hon. barge persons shall carol Venetian and other lyricals which they may ejacule as they perform their navigations in delicate strains. I have produced a musical poem as viz for barge and other watery industrials which are very beautiful.

I are a gay barge Venetian,
So I shall ejacule loving notes all day (tra-la)
While I blow tunes with my gondola, (fiddle)
Because I are so romantic and gay.

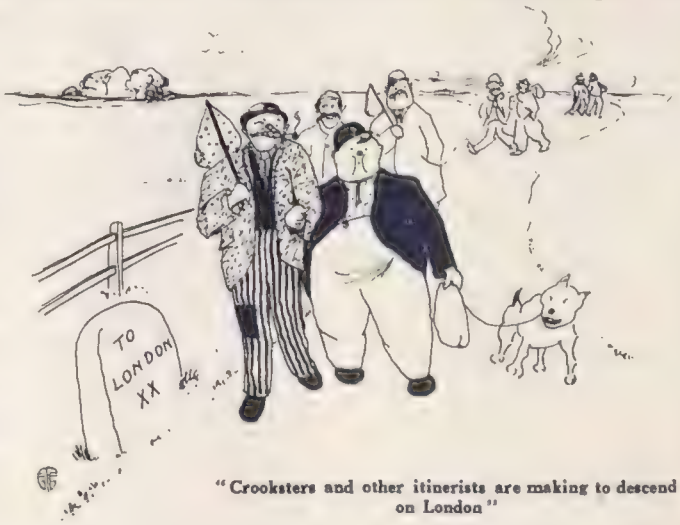
I have read in the news pages that 1000's of begging persons, crooksters and other itinerists are making to descend on London to seek pluckings and suchly perks from desophisticated visitors. I do not think I muchly fear these crooksters because, as Hon. Shakespeare adumbrates so sweetishly, "Who thieves my purse, thieves a sow's ear." But the road songsters and other non-delicious musical venders who ambulate the streets and rend our ears with pangs, cause me considerable repulsions. Anglo-Saxon persons nourish very charitable bowels and other civilised compassions, otherwisely they should not suffer these non-musical tormentings and pay cashes for their pains and agonies. O yes, we shall enjoy extreme harrows when the streets are chock with these grinders and suchly non-blessings. But perhapsly Hon. Labour politicals shall give pensionings to everyone, which should be very bad businesses for the itinerists who could not then acquire rich profitings by singing and blowing they will become poor and impoverish.

"Come, Mr. Y. Hama, this are all very philosophic and wise commenting, but constrain to give us some current politicals and exclusives, if any," you abjure? Indeedly yes, I repart, and do I not make very good prognostics? Hon. Sir Asquith has not kiss Hon. Sir Ramsey to make friends, but muchly on the contrary. Hon. Sir Asquith has launched the warpath and now seeks to scalp Sir Ramsey's wig-wam. I do not greatly think (prognostic) he shall achieve this gay trophy, but reversely score a nil. "Why for so, Mr. Y. Hama?" you deplore. Because Hon. Sir Ramsey has not any flies adhering and can dissemble the chaff from the goats by their bleats. Hon. Sir Asquith (I prognose) should have made to hit the hammer while it was hot and seized the dilemma by the tail.

"But how of Hon. Sir Lord George and Hon. Sir Baldwin," you require? Ha, ha, I ejacule through my sleeves, should you not greatly desire to know the exclusives Hon. feathered sparrow has whisper? Constrain to suppose Hon. Sir Lord George or Hon. Sir Baldwin should have a *coup d'état* (French) up his sleeve? "Are that no doubtlessly so, Mr. Y. Hama?" you repop. Ah, that should be leaking the mouse from Hon. bag, I ejacule craftishly, and then perhapsly I should not acquire any more exclusives. But if I perform wink with 1 eye, that shall give you good guessings.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that your esteemed complaints do not afflict you or Hon. family, I remain,

Yogo Hama



"Crooksters and other itinerists are making to descend on London"

"Seeks to scalp Sir Ramsey's wig-wam"

MARCH WINDS

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

. . . . *Thou art not so unkind*
As Man's ingratitude

LA VIE BOHÈME—A CELEBRATED

BY WEBSTER MUNRAY

CAFÉ DANSANT IN THE QUARTIER

"On Show" Sensations

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

No. XII.—WHEN THE CHAMPION BITES THE JUDGE

RIVIERA GOLF

By DELL LEIGH

Sketches by
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

No. V. VALESCURE

"Valescure . . . . stands apart from the world of jazz, and leads a simple existence"

THIS is essentially the Dormy House club of the Riviera. There is no other golf club on this fascinating coast that would dream of going to the needless expense of such accommodation. For the very simple reason that as soon as golf is over on the other links, and the necessary ceremonies have been carried out in the bar, self-starters of cars begin to whir, and a general exodus takes place, as rapidly as the morning advent; because Casino lights are about to blaze in the distance, and orchestras are thinking about tuning up—have, indeed, already commenced at the *thés dansants* which have sprung up everywhere in the towns like the proverbial mushroom.

But Valescure, like Gallio, cares for none of these things. It caters for an entirely different species of mankind. It welcomes, and is loved by, the man who loathes what he describes as "the atmosphere of the something jazz band." It stands apart from all this kind of life, on a hill, above St. Raphael, and it leads the simple existence. It is a place where a man can dine, and play his rubber of bridge afterwards, in his plus fours, if he feels so inclined.

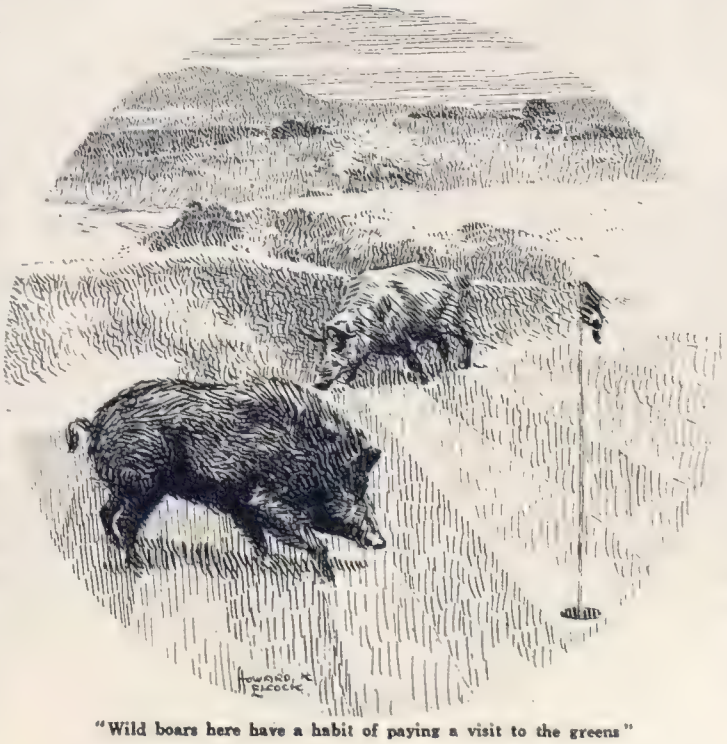
Its best advertisement, I always think, not that it needs any, is its visitors' book. If you look through this, down the 1911 and 1912 pages, you find the same names then as you find there now for 1922. And lots of them are well-known golfing names. It is particularly popular with men home from the East. The dormy house reminds me vividly of certain bungalows, a long way east of Suez, wherein one has eaten curry in excessive quantities, and risen at an unseemly early hour of morning.

They give you a bedroom here designed for the bachelor who likes to spread himself about, don't you know; rooms with enormous cupboards let into the eaves where cabin trunks can be pushed out of sight. Rooms with windows flung wide at night, whence great stretches of jungle, tree tops and palms and cactus can be seen during the great moment of the early morning tea. Hereabouts the unencumbered male can roam at will and lead the thoroughly selfish life that bachelordom engenders. Everything encourages this mode of holiday. The club house, brought out piecemeal from England, was designed for comfort without show—for the golfer, and not the hotel-lounge-bird.

A most able man and his wife mother and father you. A man with a dreadfully misleading name, one "L'Hermite." He is anything but, having run big hotels all over the Continent, and having forgotten more about cooking then you or I will ever learn. And in this delightful dormy house you can rest your London-free bones for 50 francs a day, all in. As I write the franc is 100. So at *that* price the most economically inclined cannot cavil.

The further you get in this direction along the Côte d'Azur (and there never was a more fitting name for it) the less you are jazzed out of tune with yourself by the exotic environment of the *Casino-de-luxe* habitations. There is nothing of that sort here. There is, however, peace, perfection of scenery, a most revivifying air, quantities of good food, and "the old grey flannel bags" all day long—and half the night if you are thus inclined.

Another attraction about Valescure is that, unlike so many other courses in this country, the first tee is at your front door, if you reside in the dormy house, and about ten minutes from your hotel by a motor-bus, if you are in St. Raphael. It is not an expedition to get to your golf. There is never an irritating line of balls in the tube ahead of yours on the first tee in the mornings. There is never any fuss or worry of any kind connected with this Hermit's Retreat.



"Wild boars here have a habit of paying a visit to the greens"

Some idea of the solitude of the surrounding countryside may be gathered from the fact that wild boars here have a habit, in very dry weather, of paying a visit to the greens for the fresh grass growing there. They are accommodating animals, because they do not appear ahead of you just when you are deliberating between the heavy mashie or the light iron, which would, I imagine, rather militate

against an accurate approach shot; but they come in the early morning when the dew is on the succulent turf. They also, most thoughtfully, always rootle round the extreme edge of a green near a bunker, and I presume thereafter their handiwork is considered as "ground under repair." In any case they do very little harm, and great periodical *battues* against them by the natives keep their depredations within bounds.

They have had a greenkeeper here for eleven years whom you can't teach much about his job, one Thomas Berridge, from Kew; the man who made the Caversham Course in Oxfordshire, and who was incidentally one of Sutton's own seedsmen. If it is a rainy day—most unlikely in the season—the thing to do is to get Berridge to tell you stories of the ten thousand Senegalese troops who were encamped in this neighbourhood during the War. It is worth while, and very amusing.

They have an extraordinary hole at Valescure. I think the most deceptive I have ever played over, and, of course, most enjoyable for that reason. The fourth. You come to the tee through undergrowth, up a slight hill from the third green. On arrival your nerves go all to pieces. You think there must be some mistake. Before you stretches a deep gorge of absolutely unplayable gorse, bracken, and so on. *Your* drive will most certainly go into the middle of this. The hole is already in the pocket of the other fellow. Good heavens, what a carry! You are not a Tolley, confound it . . . the smiling fairway is surely 300 yards ahead?

"*Mais non, mais non, M'sieur ça va bien, allez toujours, n'ayez pas peur,*" encourages the grinning caddie, as he hands you the totally inadequate driver.

If you can take a jaw-setting pull at yourself, forget the immensity of the task, and don't swipe at it, the ball goes sailing over nicely on to the pretty beyond. As a matter of cold fact it can be done with an iron. It often is. But it is one of those freaks of landscape deception calculated (with malice aforethought, I am certain) to upset the temperamental player. It is these sort of holes which add to the never-waning piquancy of the game. Valescure has got several holes that "get you guessing," as the Americans say. That is probably partly why people come here again and again.

That, and the general charm of its surroundings, which are of a super-excellent description.

Photograph *G.P.U.*

A VARIETY SHOW

The staff of the modern hotel is nothing, if not cosmopolitan, as witness some of the national varieties posing in perfect amity on the steps of the Hôtel de Paris at Monte Carlo. Among the types seen in the above group are an Indian, who is to make curry at the British Empire Exhibition, an Egyptian, a Monagasque, a Frenchman, an Italian, a Spaniard and a Swiss

NO LEG TO STAND ON

SHE: "I wonder why they always talk of the wisdom of the serpent"

HE: "Well, you never heard of one getting its leg pulled, did you?"

SKETCHES BY GEORGE S. DIXON

"HAVING NO HEARTS?"

HE: "They tell me that you have given up bridge"

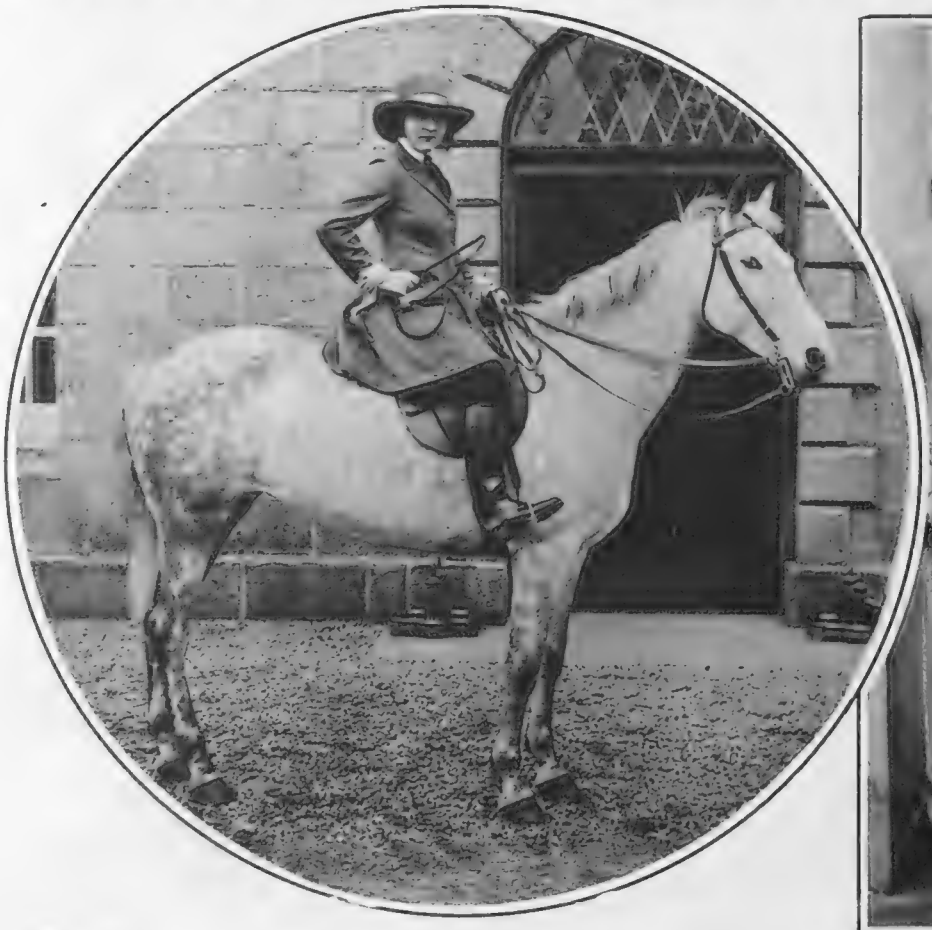
SHE: "Yes, I found the game wasn't worth the scandal"

Looking at Life Through a Rose-Coloured Lens:

Photograph *G.P.U*

ESSENCE OF SPAIN—À L'ANGLAISE

A group of prominent people at the recent Spanish Shawl Ball (for the Guild of Aid for Gentlewomen) at Claridge's Hotel, where the somewhat tiresome mantillas and those very becoming shawls were features of a pleasant evening. The group photographed includes: Colonel Auberon Kennard, Candida Marchioness of Tweeddale and Mrs. Kennard (who were in charge of a Fan Stall), Mrs. Perowne, Mrs. Salisbury Jones, Lady Flora Hastings (the Vice-Chairman), Mrs. Jeffrey Cope and Lady Terrington



Photograph *Sport and General*

A DÉBUTANTE OF 1924—MODERN STYLE

The seventeen-year-old Countess of Seafield, a peeress of Scotland in her own right, who is to be presented this season. It is not contended that this costume will be *de rigueur* for presentations—even with a Socialist Government—but it typifies the spirit of the modern débutante

Photograph *Aitken*

BACK TO BELGRAVIA

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, looking bronzed and well, photographed at their home in Belgrave Square, on their return from South Africa

The Camera's View of the Social Game

Photograph Castonguay Studio, Ottawa

HOMEWARD BOUND

Prince Erik of Denmark and his bride, formerly Miss Lois Booth, the daughter of a Canadian millionaire, who are visiting England en route for Denmark

Photograph Sport and General

A MEET OF THE SOUTH BERKS

Miss Selby Smith, Mrs. Charley, Mr. G. Hargreaves M.F.H., Mrs. Carter, Mr. Carter, and I. Sheffield, the Huntsman, with some of the pack at Bradfield College

Photographs

MISS TAYLOR

Alfieri

MRS. LORD

Two followers of the Heythrop at recent meets of this Oxfordshire pack. At Bourton Bridge, hounds killed in Redesdale Gorse but lost their second after a seventy minutes' hunt that brought them back to Redesdale Gorse, where later in the afternoon another fox went to ground. There was also a kill near Cold Aston Grove after a good run of fifteen minutes. Altogether the Masters, Messrs. H. S. Brenchley and J. Graeme Thomson, showed a good day's sport

"Germans are buying all our cauliflowers"

PARISIANA. By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

WHY cauliflowers? This latest *coup* of the Germans has left us completely baffled. We know they are so cunning that we feel there must be some sinister motive behind this manœuvre. How would you feel about it if the Germans stealthily distributed an army of agents throughout Shropshire or Cheshire or Lincolnshire—or wherever you grow your cauliflowers—and bought them all up? Well, that is what they have done to us, capturing every available *chouxfleur* on which they could lay their clutching hands. They have paid for them, of course, handing out real francs with a "Curse the expense" lavishness; but that does not ease our disquietude. Our reason for worry is, why *should* they wish to deprive us of cauliflowers? We have never set any part.cular store on this vegetable, having so many alternatives, including bananas. We could understand it when they swept Bordeaux clean of wine. But over cauliflowers we fear they may have invented some new process of employing them as high explosive or poison gas. One soothsayer has tried to calm us by suggesting that the Germans have developed an insatiable, if not illicit, passion for cauliflowers which their own growers are unable to cope with. But this is received coldly and we are still disturbed. *Serious* explanations will be rewarded.

BUT please write. Do not call personally. Paris has no hospitality to offer for a few months. Those of you who had ideas about coming over for Easter have no time for dawdling or rumination. If you do not book your rooms immediately you will not book them at all, and there are not many left now. I rang up half a dozen hotels to-day. Thought the patrons would be overjoyed because I could offer them thirty spendthrift Englishmen as Easter *hôtes*. An illusion. Unanimously, they indicated that I was asking a favour which they had no intention of granting, being *comblé*. At least, that was their explanation. And when I asked for prices, *à titre d'information*, they were again unanimous that no prices would be quoted in advance, "as there would probably be a heavy increase by Easter." So you had better make your plans accordingly, and if you see the pound advancing against the franc you can be certain that prices will advance with it, probably faster.

APROPOS of speed rates, you will be staggered to hear that the Paris taxi-drivers have learned to drive faster. I know intimately half a dozen Englishmen who will say that is impossible. Being accustomed to the leisurely traffic of London, they have already declared to me, while clinging to the side of the taxi as it went two and one round a corner like a knight on a chessboard, that the Paris *chauffeur* was the fastest thing on—or off—earth. But I was prepared for doubt and I have my proofs. You see, it is like this. We have developed the "one direction only" streets and the chauffeurs, knowing there is no possibility of meeting anything coming the opposite way, regard these thoroughfares as race-tracks. As soon as they get on them they feel it a matter of professional honour to outpace every rival.

VERY valuable experience if you suffer from a sluggish liver; otherwise a bit of a strain on the insurance companies' tables of averages. We nearly lost our dear Howard Elcock recently through a taxi-driver who wanted to get him to Switzerland by the shortest route. Another taxi happened to get across the Switzerland road. The one to which Howard had trusted his ardent young life could not withstand the shock of the hurried meeting and fell to pieces. Fortunately, Howard was left seated in safety, if not in state, amidst the ruins, sketchbook intact and pencil-point unbroken.

OTHER thrills of late have been the return of Floyd Gibbons with a beard, and the opening of Jed Kiley's "Volstead," which is intended to liven up Montmartre and scrape off the rust which has recently accumulated on that alleged pleasure region. Not that there is any association between these two events beyond that of time. The halo about Floyd Gibbons's beard, which causes it to be regarded with reverence, comes from the fact that it was entirely nurtured in the Sahara, and is intended by this intrepid explorer to disprove the old theory that nothing will grow under the Sahara sun. As for Kiley, he is taking in vain the name of the "worthy" who made America dry *en droit sinon en fait*. Kiley says it is not in vain, and that Americans will drink much more champagne and much more heartily under the sign of "Andy" Volstead than any other. Of course, if Kiley thinks American tourists have a

"Fortunately, Howard was left seated in safety"

further champagne capacity which has not yet been tapped, I shall not try to water down his optimism.

WHEN M. Poincaré allows me a few moments of untroubled leisure, so that I can go to the theatre without

"When the lady is at his feet"

a fear that someone will push over his much-battered Cabinet in my absence, I like to see on which side Rip has broken out. Well, he has broken out on pretty nearly every side in his new comedy, *Le Tracassin*, at the Potinière, as if he were not quite certain which way he would prefer to go this time until he had tried them all. The result is a bit complicated and patchworky. If it were not that Rip can make a triumph out of secondary effects and incidentals there would have been a mishap. Many authors would have strangled the play and themselves in the meshes. As it is, Rip survives, smiling, and everyone else is compelled to be hilarious over the oddities.

LE Tracassin, or the Don Juan in a Hurry, has to do with a lucky laddie who does not need to seek conquest but has it thrust upon him. He rather likes this conquest business, but he is subject to an impulsion which hurls him ahead just when a Don Juan, or a lesser conqueror, would know it was the moment to linger. At the moment when the lady is at his feet, another beckons on the horizon, and, however he may strive to bind himself, he is powerless to resist the new call. The result is that, at the same time, several ladies are justified in acting as if he were theirs. Bardin has a bright idea for disposing of the importunate ones. He engages a further lady who pretends to be his mistress, and a very jealous mistress, too, and she successfully routs all the insistent ones, until the moment when Bardin is able to make the necessary pause, marry the *jeune fille du début*, become a devoted husband and a Good Influence. This supposed mistress is the piquancy of the piece and truly Rip-arian.

I HAVE just attained the ambition of years in securing a complete edition of Leonard Merrick. If there is anyone who has written more wonderful short stories, throbbing with the spirit of the Paris of *avant-guerre*, he still remains unknown. Those whimsied poets and painters of the old, care-free Montmartre

"Americans drink much more champagne"

—not the Montmartre of tinsel and tangoes, but of big hearts and empty *garde-mangers*—now lost for a generation, if not for ever, must hold ghostly annual meetings to pass a merited vote of thanks to Merrick for having made them immortal. Tricotrin, "I move," Pitou, "I second." All the other inhabitants of bare, and rarely paid for, garrets, "Carried," unanimously. RENÉ

Photograph] A MILITARY CEREMONY AT FRANCE'S SANDHURST [*Sport and General*

Colonel John Malise Graham, D.S.O., reading an address on the parade-ground of the French Military School at St. Cyr, when the first Union Jack to be presented by the British Army to France was formally handed over. The Standard-bearer, Lieut. Salisbury Jones of the Coldstream Guards, was himself a pupil at St. Cyr, where cadets are trained for both the infantry and artillery

"THE BYSTANDER" £500 GOLF TROPHY

"THE BYSTANDER" CUP TO GO TO THE WINNING PROFESSIONAL—

"THE BYSTANDER" CHALLENGE TROPHY
Held by the winners for one year

—AND A DUPLICATE CUP TO BE AWARDED TO HIS LADY PARTNER

LAST year the proprietors of THE BYSTANDER presented a Handsome Silver Challenge Trophy, valued at £500, for a golf competition, which, both from the novelty of its conditions and the unusual beauty of the Trophy, attracted wide-spread interest in golfing circles. The second year's competition for the Trophy is to be fought over the London Country Club's course at Hendon on Tuesday, April 15th. It is to be a mixed foursome (professional partnered by a lady), played over 36 holes. Sixty couples are being invited from clubs within a 25-mile radius of London. Professionals will be rated at plus 4, and their lady partners limited to 14 handicap L.G.U., each pair receiving three-eighths of the combined handicap. Entries should be sent to the Secretary, London Country Club, Hendon, N.W. 9, before Wednesday, March 26th.

THE CHALLENGE TROPHY

THE BYSTANDER Trophy, a handsome silver centre-piece, represents a *combat à l'outrance* between the Earl of Douglas and Hotspur at the battle of Otterburn in 1388. James, the 2nd Earl of Douglas, is mounted on a charger; on his shield are plainly visible the Douglas Arms, which the present Marquis of Queensberry now bears. Hotspur—the redoubtable Henry Percy, the 1st Earl of Northumberland's eldest son—is represented by the dismounted figure, bearing on his shield the crest of the Percy family. The centre-piece was made in 1855. It shows extraordinarily fine finish and workmanship, and is valued at £500.

MRS. BATTERSBY and W. B. SMITH (Hadley Wood)
Last year's winners, photographed with "The Bystander" Trophy

Among the professionals who have already entered are: Frank Ball (Langley Park), J. B. Batley (London Country Club), P. Beal (Temple, Maidenhead), G. Doughty (Edgware), G. Gadd (Roehampton), C. Johns (Purley Downs), H. Jolly (Foxgrove), A. Kettley (Bushey Hall), G. Oaké (Fulwell, Twickenham), J. Sulford (Royal Wimbledon), J. H. Taylor (Mid-Surrey), A. Wells (Wembley), C. S. White (Burhill).

MARCH MADNESS. By Blanchette.

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"Clothes do matter such a lot"

LONDON, *March* 3

DEAR COUSIN—

NOT sure I don't rather like March almost best of all the months sometimes, some ways. Does come as such a sort of *awakener*, I mean—right at the parting of the ways, 'tween Winter and Spring. Kind of Cocktail of the Year, as you might say, something nippy and tasty after the grey sullen days of *acris hiemps*, as the ancients used to call it, as a prelim. 'fore the lights all go up and the revelries begin.

AND brings with it, somehow, a first tinge and stirring, a touch of the March madness that seems to come to some of us humans 's well as to the

"Don't dare to look at yourself in the mirror"

hares, who get so traditionally 'bove themselves 'cos they aren't allowed to be hunted any more after the last day of Feb. Which must be a fearful annual blow to the red currant jelly merchants, by the way—but then, p'raps, of course, they specialise in mint sauce as well to make up. . . . There's always quite lots of compensations, seemingly, knocking around in this life—what?

THOSE mad March winds, too, that one's always hearing of—just about the only weather prophecy, aren't they, that never 'pears to fail to come off, *some* time or other, this bright and breezy month. And even Lent, that starts this Ash Wednesday as ever is, doesn't seem to cast any sort of fearf'ly ascetic gloom over things, these days, not even the social and party kind. First of the Levees this very next week, f'rinstance, which always help to set the ball rolling, and Italian ballet-*cum*-opera to begin just the day before, next Monday, at Covent Garden—which is an even more certain way of pushing off the season and gathering once more into the Metrop. the wanderers from near and far afield.

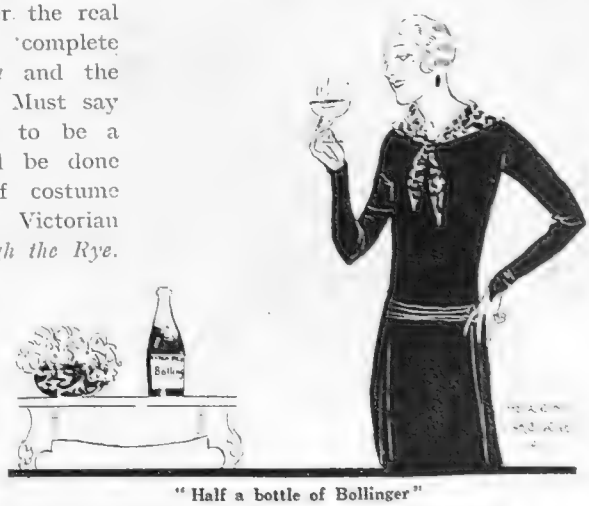
GOING to be really something *of* a smart show, too, 'parently, this Italian affair, with the slim black-haired Ileana Leonidoff, who's been a film star and is *prima ballerina* in Rome, as chief attraction. And with all sorts of intriguing new things on the programme, with lovely intriguing names like *Scherzo Veneziano* and *La Festa Persiana* and *Pirrica*, and so on. Not the least fascination of which'll be that the singing part's to be, I gather, act'lly in the Italian tongue. Am at least *as* patriotic as most, I do hope and believe, but can't, somehow, help feeling that there are some things, anyway, we can't *translate*.

ALWAYS a sort of a charm, isn't there, in costume affairs, even if it's only watching 'em on the screen, like in that nice new *Under the Red Robe* film they're giving at the New Oxford. Where charming Alma Rubens and the rest wear the most d'lightful Louis Treize clothes, and have the most picturesque adventures after the real Stanley Weyman manner, complete with Cardinal and *château* and the thrilling clash of swords. Must say I do think there ought to be a rule that *all* films should be done in, anyway, *some* sort of costume—even if it's only the Victorian kind, as in *Comin' Through the Rye*.

AFTER all, clothes do matter *such* a lot, don't they, on the stage as well as off? All a very 'portant part of the illusion—and in the end that's the chief thing there is to it in most plays, *n'est ce pas?* And I'm not sure those blue and orange shadowgraph glasses they hand out to you at *London Calling*, f'rinstance, at the Duke of York's, and that make you see all the most 'straordinary things happening, don't amuse most of the audience quite as much as the subtlest satirical antics of Maisie Gay and Co. in that almost too cruel sketch about the Sit—I mean the Whittlebots.

CAN'T help dwelling rather on theatres somenow in March—it does seem a month so specially *made* for parties, in a way. And no fearf'ly overpowering lure yet to the outdoor life, there isn't, what with the sun still setting comfortably early, so that you aren't 'shamed to slip in to quite soon-after-lunch tea-dance at Queen's Hall or Italian Roof. Having previously (need I say?) salved conscience by a brisk walk up Bond Street, also down, with poss'bly a glance at some of the s'lect dress and hat shops in South Molton Street and Dover Street as well—thus combining business and pleasure, as it were.

ALWAYS s'posing that is, that you haven't succumbed to the fashionable flu. Which really does seem rather



"Half a bottle of Bollinger"

more devastating this year than ever before in the memory of men, or woman, and's been fairly decimating our ranks, so to speak, with all its painful *and* unbecoming accompaniments. Fairly makes a pariah of you, for one thing, 'cos everyone shudders away from your company at the least suspish of infecsh. And gen'lly seems, this latest kind of it, either to start *or* end up with a mere common horrid cold that makes you hate yourself more than ever, and you don't even dare to look at yourself in the mirror for fear of that *dreadful* calamity—a nose that even the World's Most Potent Powder Puff couldn't make beautiful again.

ALL sorts of cures and precaution, of course, being talked and busily buzzed about by sympathetic and so far un-sered-and-blasted friends. But am quite convinced meself 'bout the one really best way of evading this puffickly awful and 'orrid scourge, and not such a very unpleasing one either. No, not eucalyptus, or ammoniated quinine, or codliver oil (Ugh!) or even a half-bottle of Bollinger with a Bath Oliver or two for your elevenses every morning—though *have* heard of that method being tried with 'parently *great* success. Just . . . it sounds almost too good to be true, but these simple remedies are always the best . . . just dancing.

WAS very nearly struck down meself the other day, I give you my word, and well-nigh persuaded, owing to prelim'nary symptoms, to chuck a cherished theatre and do one of those quiet evenings at home in bed with bread-and-milk or a boiled egg and a bit of toast. But strong-mindedly, determinedly and nobly, instead, went, theatred, and then really started seriously—under due and proper guidance—on THE CURE, kept up to the wee'est of sma' hours . . .

With love, Yours ever, BLANCHETTE

Femina

WHY MUSIC HAS NO FRONTIERS

BY "CANDIDA"

YOU cannot approach art nowadays with the air of a connoisseur, or the manner of a critic. Like the rest of the world, it moves along so fast that all the ancient standards and the safe old rules have ceased to be convenient pegs to hang one's remarks on. Even in art the motto is "Get on, or get out," and it's the frightful rush to keep up with things that's produced all the beauty specialists in Bond Street. But it costs you so much in complexion creams to be intelligent nowadays that brains are things most women simply can't afford.

TAKE only music. Once upon a time you knew exactly where you were. There was no uncertainty about what you liked, or should be liking. But now that they've rediscovered the eternal rhythm, or something, I only know that the less I like it, the more I ought to. To be really musical and *dernier cri* is such an effort that I've given up the attempt, and when Stravinski is mentioned I immediately relapse into gush for fear anyone should discover how much of him is all mystery and moonshine to me.

SOME of the best people are in my boat, too. I thought so at the last Symphony Concert, when the Queen's Hall was packed from floor to giddy ceiling to hear, what was not Stravinski, but Sir Henry Wood conducting, and a wonderful old pianist "famous in two Continents," as they say in the papers, rippling out Schumann and Chopin not in the least above our delighted heads. For the world of music is divided into three sorts of people. The admirers of the new music, who move along so fast in their new rhythms and things that they've exhausted the rest of us; the lovers of the old music, who think that the best in that line that can happen, has already happened, and the worshippers of noise for noise's sake, the people who always prefer a gramophone to their own society.

GIVE me at any time the Stravinski-ites, with their long hair, and their clever talk, and the rapt look of them to the gramophoning crowd, especially when they live in the flat below mine and own an inferior instrument. Every evening, during the blessed interval when the day's activities are over, and the evening's not yet begun, I settle down to work. Then the gramophone in the flat below, a loud and buzzy instrument, begins its buzzing. There's always a song from a tenor who must have had a cold in his head, and from a soprano suffering from a lump of cotton wool in her throat. "Work" vanishes into thin air, and there's nothing for it but to retaliate on my piano in my breeziest and also my loudest manner. Rachmaninoff's Prelude, for instance, is a splendid vent to one's feelings, but it isn't good for the piano, nor is my exposition of it very helpful to art in general.

THE lament of the highbrow is that art in the theatre is going to the dogs, driven there by the cinema. And music, I say (but not from the highbrow standpoint), is faring the same way, too, because of the gramophone. I can, and do, keep away from the film business, but there's no eluding the gramophonic art that's thrust upon you whether you've paid for it or not. A little legislation, a few questions asked in Parliament, might do a world of good, and I'm thinking of pointing out to someone influential that there's a clause somewhere which deals with public safety something after this manner: "Anyone owning an animal is responsible for any damage it may cause, whether it happens to be in its owner's keeping or be at large." I have suppressed the saids and the whereases, which are only legal frills and add nothing to the meaning. Might not "animal" be made to include gramophones? I hold that gratuitous concerts infringe upon the liberty of the individual. My next door neighbour would not rush in uninvited with an Epstein bust in each fist and insist on my admiring them. Therefore, why should he thrust his unwelcome music upon me? Because music has no frontiers, so they say. Then I say it's high time it had them.

Photograph *Dorothy Wilding*

THE FEATHERED WHIRLED

Miss Elaine Bordoni in the dress she wears in the Grafton Galleries new Cabaret show

WHO drinks Horlick's consistently does much towards coping with the strain of the social *monde* or the worries of the home.

Being a delicious combination of the valuable extracts of selected wheat flour and malted barley with pure, rich dairy milk, Horlick's Malted Milk builds up tissue, nerve and brain. It also confers reserves of energy most valuable to the woman who is responsible.

HORLICK'S
THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK

MADE IN ENGLAND

At all chemists' in four sizes, 2/-, 3/6, 8/6 and 15/-. A liberal sample for testing will be sent you for 3d. in stamps.
Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks, England.

For children, Horlick's gives mental and physical fitness—Ready in a minute with hot or cold water. No cooking.

The Most Popular Actor:

Photograph Maull and Fox

GEORGE ROBEY

MATHESON LANG

Photograph Foulsham and Banfield

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER

Result of the Voting

THE following ten of the twenty "candidates" concerned were voted the most popular in the order named.

There were nearly 250,000 votes recorded for the whole of the twenty "candidates." Yet, despite this huge poll, there was a difference of only 1,200 votes between Owen Nares and Sir Gerald du Maurier, and scarcely 600 votes between the totals of Matheson Lang and Owen Nares. Indeed, the voting all through was very close. Result—

1. SIR GERALD DU MAURIER
2. OWEN NARES
3. MATHESON LANG
4. GEORGE ROBEY
5. HENRY AINLEY
6. LESLIE HENSON
7. SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY
8. SEYMOUR HICKS
9. GEORGE GROSSMITH
10. W. H. BERRY

Sir Gerald du Maurier is thus acclaimed by our readers the Most Popular Actor of the Day, and THE BYSTANDER, in accordance with its undertaking, will, on behalf of a great host of admirers, and as a token of their regard and esteem, present to him a souvenir gift of a cabinet of 1,000 of the famous La Corona "Corona" cigars.

THE extraordinary success of this Competition has come as a mild surprise even to such born optimists as THE BYSTANDER people. In the Actresses' Competition only three ladies secured votes running into five figures, while here nine of the twenty actor candidates polled very handsome five-figure totals.

IT is, perhaps, desirable, in fairness to the candidates, to remind our readers that the voting results are not so much a test of supreme genius as of agreeable popularity. How far the most gifted actor is assured of lasting popularity to-day it is not for us to say. Indeed, it is, we believe, generally understood that a reliable opinion as to the merit of any particular actor is to be obtained only from the gentleman himself, and the answer is, it is said, invariably in the affirmative, as it were. One is emboldened to adopt this view from the fact that our list of candidates has been severely criticised by more than one ripe *habitué* of the Bodega, who has regarded the omission of his name from the list as something like a personal affront.

AS was the case on the former occasion, a great many voting papers have been received from bearers of highly distinguished names, while, naturally enough, the Army and the Navy, especially among their far-called representatives, have been generously represented. Almost a pathetic feature of this Competition has been the number of votes received from the outposts of the Empire, which would seem to indicate the avidity with which everything that speaks of Home is welcomed by the valiant watchers on the hills, and in the plains, and over the Seven Seas. It is as if the recording of a vote for a London actor had brought the lonely voter nearer to the cherished ideal of a real dinner at the Carlton or the Ritz, or the rare chance of an idle stroll in the dear old London of his dreams.

THE total of votes received from the four corners of the Empire is nearly a quarter of a million. Every vote received has been recorded with the most scrupulous care against the name of the candidate concerned, on specially prepared charts. Readers, naturally impatient for final results, will doubtless realise that a great many of the voters live, as it were, in a very scattered constituency. Some of them, indeed, would appear to be doing their country's work in corners of the earth that are extremely difficult of postal access. We take it that in such places as Mombassa, or Mandalay, or Nova Scotia, or Vancouver,

Photograph F. A. Swaine

SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY

Photograph Foulsham and Banfield

GEORGE GROSSMITH

£500 Election Competition Result

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

OWEN NARES

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

HENRY AINLEY

Photograph *Navana*

LESLIE HENSON

List of Prize Winners

THE £500 in cash prizes offered to those of our readers—the electors—who succeeded in voting for, in correct order, or most nearly correct order, the ten actors voted by the majority to be the most popular, are awarded to those named below.

That the task of choosing the ten most popular actors was an exceedingly difficult one was clear from the fact that no one voter gave the full ten in the correct order.

1st Prize: £250—R. BOLTON, Nash Farm, Keston, Kent.

2nd Prize: £100—MLLE. THERÈSE AGI, Chatsworth Road, N.W.

3rd Prize: £50—is divided between the following:

W. B. WEBSTER, Phyllis Court Club, Henley-on-Thames; MARGARET M. KIMBER, Bogahawatte Estate, Kotagala, Ceylon; MISS MAUD F. T. BROWN, c/o Westminster Bank, Ltd., Upper Norwood, S.E.; MISS A. L. JAMES, Nascot Grange, Watford (who sent in two voting papers, each of which was entitled to a division of the 3rd Prize).

Twenty Prizes of £5 each to:

MRS. E. M. STIFFIN, Palmer's Green, N.; MISS I. MATTOCK, Highgate, N.; MISS DORIS HURST, Walthamstow, E. (two shares); MILLICENT COOPER, Hampstead, N.W.; MRS. E. M. JACKAMAN, Hammersmith, W.; MISS M. CARRUTHERS, Windermere; DOCTOR WYATT, Buckingham Gate, S.W.; JANET D. BEATTIE, Gibraltar; LIEUT.-COLONEL A. A. SEEDS, R.A.M.C., c/o Messrs. Holt and Co., Whitehall Place, S.W.; E. K. BLACK, Edinburgh; MISS ELEANOR ADAMS, Thornton Heath, Surrey (two shares); MISS KATHLEEN TUTTLE, Lowestoft; AMELIA BIZLEY, St. John's Wood, N.W.; MRS. K. PEACH, Sudbury, South Harrow; KATHLEEN L. BLANDFORD, Blandford, Dorset; MR. R. S. QUARRIE, La Rocque, Jersey, C.I.; MISS L. CHARLTON, Chislehurst, Kent; T. C. HEATH, Weybridge, Surrey.

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

SEYMOUR HICKS

Photograph *Iana*

W. H. BERRY

all of which are represented in this competition, they do not have a postal collection every hour. Consequently, although the diligent tellers have been jealous of every minute of their time, some delay in announcing results was inevitable, and is now apologised for accordingly.

IN the case of our previous competition, when votes were invited for the most popular actress, a considerable proportion of the home voters were enthusiastic males. It is only natural, perhaps, that, in the present instance, the majority of the home voters should have been cast by equally enthusiastic members of the gentler sex—if in these strenuous days the ladies regard the adjective as still a compliment, and not a criticism. After all, the ladies and gentlemen of THE PROFESSION are not infrequently admired for other than their histrionic quality, as we may learn in all humility from the front row of the chorus at a lively revue. Roughly speaking, when it was a question of voting for the most popular actress, the total number of votes received was evenly divided between the sexes. The vast majority of the voters in the present competition are women. Perhaps the explanation is that while men have in a general way a great liking for this or that distinguished actor, they are just a little jealous of his good fortune in having so large an army of feminine admirers. The ordinary, undistinguished man who was bold enough to call for the suffrages of the fair sex, would probably be able to secure only a single vote, and he would have to buy his wife a new hat to get that much. So that when we find gentlemen of distinction positively snowed under with these dainty and highly valued compliments, it is easy to understand how envious we of the common lot must be. The majority of our cash prize-winners, too, are ladies.

IT is a happy result of the Competition that the candidate placed at the top of the poll should prove to be an actor who is not only deservedly popular with all classes of playgoers, but is also a most able exponent of his art. It remains, therefore, only to offer our respectful congratulations to Sir Gerald du Maurier on the result of a general election that places him at the head of a very distinguished company indeed.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Exit Epinard

I DO not think any practical racing man was much surprised when Epinard was struck out of the Lincolnshire Handicap last week. From the first it had seemed to be rather unlikely that the French champion would be seen in this race. I believe that his owner at one time had every intention of sending the colt to Lincoln if things worked out favourably for him, but I am sure this policy would not have been at all judicious. It is asking too much of a horse to race him in the first week of the season and expect him to remain in good trim throughout the year. I look upon it as a blessing in disguise for Epinard that the spell of hard weather in France came at a time to prevent his further preparation for the Lincolnshire event. I expect we shall find Epinard in this country for the City and Suburban or the Kempton Jubilee. He should be well suited by both of those courses, and he will be up against horses of better quality than he would have encountered at Lincoln.

A French Favourite

MEANWHILE the other French candidate, Sir Gallahad III, has been quoted as favourite for the big race on March 26, but it should be noted that the difficulties which hampered the training of Epinard have applied also to Mr. Jeff Cohn's colt, so there must necessarily be a doubt as to whether his trainer will be able to get him as fit as he would like to do. All being well, Sir Gallahad III is to be ridden at Lincoln by Frank O'Neill, so he will not lack for anything in the way of good jockeyship.

Jarvie's Chance

AMONG the English colts, Jarvie appears to be the most fancied, and it is understood that he is doing an excellent preparation. The issue is complicated here by the fact that the stable can also be represented at Lincoln by Morestel, who beat Jarvie on very much the same terms at Liverpool last autumn. I should not care to meddle with either of these candidates until the day of the race, even though this means taking a much shorter price about one of them than you can get at present. It is reported that Weston has been engaged to ride Jarvie.

At Cheltenham

THE steeplechasing season is now reaching its most interesting stage, and there is every prospect of a highly successful meeting at Cheltenham next week. The National Hunt Steeplechase will be run on Tuesday, and I expect Tom Coulthwaite, who has won the race in the past two years, will again have a formidable competitor in the field. **Duke's Walk** suffered extremely bad luck in being disqualified last season after finishing first past the post, and I expect him to land the stake for Mr. Reid Walker this time. As a second string I take FLUID MAGNESIA.

F. BROOKES By "THE TOUT"

A hard-bitten little horseman of the right stamp who, it is announced, will steer Sergeant Murphy in the "National"

HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

At the Horse Shows

IN view of the fact that so many packs have stopped hunting, I expect to see larger crowds than usual at the excellent shows at Islington this week. The Hunter Section is assured of complete success, and there looks like being a good turn-out of thoroughbred sires for the King's Premiums. His Majesty is expected to honour the show with his presence on Wednesday. Later in the week the polo and riding ponies will be the attraction. This is always one of the most interesting shows of the season, and it is specially delightful to see the representation of the various native breeds of ponies which it produces. As usual, each day of the pony show will conclude with a series of competitions, which always go down well with the public.

England's Team

I SEE it is stated that England's polo team are to be the guests of the Duke of Westminster at Eaton Hall during April. This will give them the opportunity of getting plenty of team play before the opening of the London season. So far as I know the four men who have been provisionally chosen to represent this country against America, namely, Major T. W. Kirkwood, Major G. Phipps Hornby, Major E. B. Hurndall, and Lord Cholmondeley, have never played together before.

Argentine Recruits

A REPORT is current that the famous Anglo-Argentine player, Mr. Lewis Lacey, will be in London in the coming season, and it is also rumoured that Mr David Miles will accompany him. The prevailing impression is that both these brilliant players are eligible to take the field for England against the United States, yet up to the present there does not seem to be any unanimity of opinion on this important point.

Moderate Sport

THE closing weeks of February were not particularly noteworthy for good sport with hounds. Conditions being all against scent, very few packs were able to show their followers anything remarkable in the shape of runs. Then, again, the recurrence of foot-and-mouth disease in a number of places has caused a further embargo upon the movement of hounds, and in many countries it has been decided not to hunt any more this season. Altogether it has been an extremely dismal time for fox-hunters in a large number of districts, notably in Leicestershire, and in the West Midlands. One or two more changes of Mastership have been announced since this time last week. Captain T. Colville is taking over the Cotswold country in succession to Major Jackson, while in the North of England, Mr. Farquhar Deuchar is to take the place in the command of the West Percy Hounds which Major Alex. Browne is about to vacate.

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

The "Tutti-Men." Hungerford, in Berkshire, annually celebrates the granting of its Charter by sending forth "Tutti-Men" armed with flowers and wands, who, in the true Carnival spirit, possess and exercise the privilege of kissing every pretty girl they meet.

It's a wise old custom to

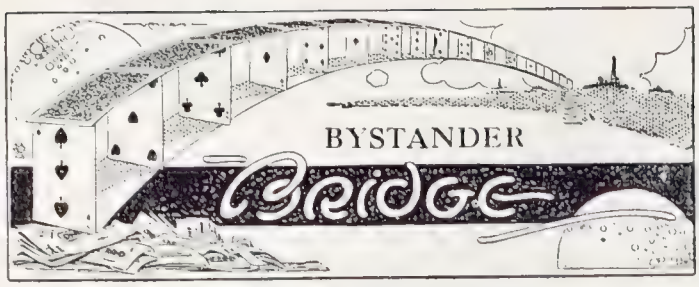
take a peg of

John Begg!

The Scotch Whisky that has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

By Appointment since 1848.

JOHN BEGG LTD., 106, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3; 64, Waterloo St., Glasgow.



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

He had opened with a bid of "three Spades" and gone down two tricks on his contract.

"Why 'three Spades'?" asked his partner. "Why did you not call one?"

"Because I thought it *infra dig* on my hand," was the reply.

. . . . .

To the inquiry "Will Mah Jong supplant Auction Bridge?" Mr. R. F. Foster, the American expert, writes: "The answer is emphatically, NO. You cannot supplant a really first-class game, but you can introduce another game which is equally, or, perhaps, better suited to some temperaments than the older game.

"Mah Jong will, undoubtedly, attract many persons who have never made a hobby of any particular game, but have dabbled a bit in euchre, red dog, and stops, or games of that class. They will drop their occasional games, and stick to Mah Jong. Others will try Mah Jong for a bit and go back to Auction Bridge. There are undoubtedly a large number of persons who find themselves unsuited to playing Auction Bridge successfully, or acceptably to their partners. Thousands have quit the game because they were unlucky at it, long before Mah Jong ever offered them a refuge. Just as many as quit Auction Bridge for Mah Jong will probably quit Mah Jong for Auction Bridge later on. It would be a good bet that even if a hundred thousand Mah Jong sets were sold during the coming year, the sale of the playing-cards would not be reduced by a single gross."

. . . . . .

Yet another Bridge Book has appeared; *Auction Bridge Hints*, by T. C. Cochran (Methuen: 3*s.* 6*d.*), which advocates methods by which the bidder may determine mathematically the value of his hand. It gives the following table for card combinations:

Card Combinations	Value in Quick Tricks
A, K, Q.	2½
A, Q, J.	2
A, K.	2
A, Q.	1½
K, Q, J.	1½
K, Q.	1
A.	1
K, x.	½
Q, J, x	½

. . . . .

I suppose there are players who find this kind of thing helpful, but, frankly, the whole thing bores me stiff. These complicated formulæ and fractional calculations seem to me to turn the game from a pleasure into a toil. All the bidder has to do is to count his high cards. To delve into intricate calculations as to when a sure trick is not a sure trick, is merely taxing the brain unnecessarily.

. . . . . .

Now I know the reason for the corrugated brows and harassed, worried looks of certain players. They must be working out to a decimal point their card values. The trouble is that all authorities do not agree as to these card values, and they have a habit of not panning out in play exactly according to plan.

OUR NEW COMPETITIONS

"BYSTANDER" FOUR-WEEKS COMPETITION

First Prize	£10
Second Prize	£5
Third Prize	£3

and Three Prizes of Bystander Bridge Sets, value One Guinea each.

. . . . . .

This week we start a new series of competitions which are to last four weeks each. That is to say, questions will be set for four weeks. *Competitors should keep their solutions, and not send them in until the closing date, which will be announced in the fourth week.* Prizes as above will be allotted to the competitors who obtain the highest number of marks. My decision is final, and no correspondence can be entered into on the competition. The rules are as before. No competitor can send in more than one solution. Pseudonyms may be used, but full name and address must be given. To avoid taking up valuable space these rules will not be reprinted each week.

Problem No. 1

Score: Game all. A, B 18 in rubber game. Z deals and calls "one Heart." A holds—

S—A, K, 7. H—K, Q, J, 10, 4, 3. D—A. C—A, 10, 3.

(*a*) What should A say? Forecast the distribution of the cards.

Score: Game all. A, B, 10 in rubber game. Z deals and says "no bid." A calls "one Spade." Y "one no-trumps." B "two Hearts" and Z "*four* Clubs." A passes. Y holds—

S—A, K, 9, 2. H—A, 9, 4, 3, 2. D—K, Q. C—A, 7.

(*b*) What should Y say? And what does Z probably hold?

Score: Y, Z, 0. A, B, game. Z deals and holds—

S—Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 4, 2. H—K, 5, 2. D—J, 6, 4. C—None.

(*c*) What should Z say?

By Graham Simmons

VILLAGE PUMPS

He: "This floor is dreadfully sticky, dear"

She: "Good gracious, Drysdale, you've forgotten to take off your goloshes!"

Breeding will tell—in men, birds, beasts—and tobacco. Three Nuns is bred from the choicest growths, blended and cut in a curious manner that ensures uniformity of fragrance down to the very bottom of the pipe-bowl.

THREE NUNS

TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings: 1-oz. Packets, 1/2; 2-oz. Tins, 2/4; 4-oz. Tins, 4/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgo.

BUCHANAN'S

SCOTCH WHISKY

"BLACK & WHITE"

has the Highest Reputation for its Superb Quality both at Home and Abroad.
Nothing can be Finer or more Choice.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, HOLBORN, E.C.1.

HOME-GROWN & FOREIGN

SOME POINTS FOR DOG-LOVERS

By "THE KENNELMAN" *Sketches by NICOLSON*

SOUTHSEA Dog Show to-day; Toy Dogs at Hackney, to-morrow; Pekingese Club Show at Lambeth Baths on Friday; and Brighton Show, Thursday of next week.

The way they have in the Navy is mostly emphatic. From Portsmouth, a naval student of these pages writes:

"Others besides myself will feel grateful to Kennelman for his tribute to the Bassethound. Not that the Fancy, or the squad responsible for the organisation of this breed, whatever you call 'em, deserve praise—far from it—but the little gentlemen themselves, the Bassethounds, do richly deserve any tribute. You couldn't praise 'em too highly, as lovable little pals, and *real* Dogs, of distinguished appearance and classic breeding. The Club was a good one, I believe, forty years ago; but now——Eheu! That Royal, and loyal, great lady, H.M. Queen Alexandra, true Dog-lover that she is, still cherishes some of the best at Sandringham, I believe; and so do a few other people of taste, thank goodness; but as for keeping the breed before the public—well, at Cruft's the other day, the Whiteley's of Dogdom, you found the latest fashions and revivals in double-banked lines, of course, not to mention freak foreigners not worth the straw they were benched on; and, if you'll believe me, *not one single Basset*. Which seemed to me about as sad, and mad, and bad, as it would be to find a great English Show without a Bulldog. There are hundreds of people, here and in America, and elsewhere, who'd just love Bassethounds—given a chance to know them."

Yielding to no man in conviction that British breeds are the finest in the world, I suggest that we needn't be hysterical on the point. There seems to me some waste of (coroneted) note-paper in the letter which angrily informs me that "some of Cruft's admission tickets actually had a picture of a Boche dog, a Dachshund; a positive insult to our own breeds." As a fact, some of the finest Dachshunds ever seen have been bred in England.

Talking of foreign Dogs, Captain Dick's three Bouvier des Flandres, exhibited for the first time at Cruft's attracted a good deal of attention. An attractive foreign breed, this, for anyone wanting a Dog smaller and lighter than the Alsatian, and vastly farther from wolf kinship. Black, comely and keen as a Schipperke, sharp as a Shetland Sheepdog, and sturdy as an Airedale, our friends in Belgium have proved the Bouvier des Flandres a real worker, in herding and guarding, as well as a Show Dog. A very intelligent companion, one gathers he will lend himself to discipline and training like our own Airedales.

That same question of training cries aloud for closer attention than it's getting among English Dog-breeders. Pressure for official backing should be brought to bear on the War Office and the Commissioner of Police. Our Airedales, and Sheepdogs, and certain Crosses (tested, for example, by Lieut.-Colonel Richardson) present the finest raw material in the world. Given adequate instruction, they at once equal the cleverest of the German and other foreign working Dogs, with this vital additional virtue: they are natural sports, with English fair-play in their blood; and can be relied on to "Come off!" as readily and swiftly as to "Go to!" in face of any odds or temptations. It's a sin that we should not be training them as they deserve; yes, and organising and advertising them generally, with the same considered and sustained pep that's given, for example, to the fashionable Alsatian. There should be thousands more of 'em busy at schooled work here, and being exported to every outpost of the Empire, and other countries, too. Given the training, they can excel the foreigner every time, and they conform more surely and kindly to the ways and standards of English-speaking peoples.

"Three half-crowns will pay for one Dog"

Apropos last week's references to Dr. Vlasto's book, *The Popular Pekingese*, some readers of this page are exercised in their minds regarding the "real danger for this ancient breed of the mercenary freak-producers who try to stimulate a craze for stunted and dwarfed Pekingese." A correspondent writes: "One was advertised early in February: 'weight about one pound,' at four months old; that is fully three-quarters grown. Such breeding is inhuman, and a danger, as well as a perversity."

No reader need suspect Dr. Vlasto of countenancing such freaks; I'm sure of that. My own experience is that sound Pekingese can, with care and justice, be bred as light as five or six pounds; albeit I prefer them two or three pounds heavier. But when you come to 2 lbs. and 3 lbs., not to mention one, you are entering the unwholesome realm of freaks, encouraging cruelty, and working dead against the interests of a very admirable breed. The best Pekingese is not only no freak, but no more a mere lap-dog than a Fox-terrier, or a Sealyham.

Miss M. S. Welby, of Yew Lodge, Spalding, adds 30*s.* to the Dog Licence Fund, and Mrs. Fitzmaurice, the Crescent House, Dover College, Kent, and Miss Claire Curtis, Imperial Hotel, Exmouth, each 7*s.* 6*d.* Every three half-crowns will pay for one Dog. Your own Dog would like you to help. Don't disappoint him!

"When may a Dog be said to have reached middle age, and when does he become definitely elderly?" Well, as with his human friends, it depends a bit on his individual constitution and temperament, and the sort of life he has led. On average, he enters middle age between his fifth and seventh years, and becomes elderly between nine and eleven. His thirteen to fourteen is equivalent to our three score and ten; after which there's a lot of life left still, in some Dogs—and men.

MOTOR NOTES

OLD AND NEW "STOCKS"

The Crossley "Fourteen" seen above, is halted by the old stocks and whipping-post at White Waltham, near Maidenhead. However, it is quite safe, for the Crossley car entertains no fears of being beaten

If I were thinking of going into business in connection with motor vehicles, I believe I should choose the accessory side of the trade. For it seems as if there is no end to the number of devices thought of to give additional comfort to motor-owners; nor does there appear to be any scarcity of customers for such accessories. The item that caused this reflection is an accessory to ensure easier starting up of an otherwise "beast" of an engine that jibs when cold in all weathers. Messrs. Harvey, Frost and Co., Ltd., the well-known vulcanising firm, of Great Portland Street, W.1, are the selling agents of a new mixture heater styled Wood's Patent Electric Vaporiser, which costs 55*s.* to install on the car. This device consists of a small petrol tank fitted with the usual screw cap at the top, and an outlet with a tap that is connected to the engine's inlet manifold pipe. The tank itself is held by a holder that has fitted to it, at the bottom in a porcelain insulator, a small electric radiator, which derives its electric current from the battery. The radiator is controlled by the usual switch. With the tank filled or nearly filled with petrol the radiator is switched on, and proceeds to warm up the petrol and the vapour. Having done this, the radiator is switched off and the magneto or coil switched on, and the tap on the small tank opened to permit the warm petrol vapour to feed the cylinders of the refractory engine as soon as the starter or starting handle turns the engine over. It is claimed that the most stubborn engine cannot resist this device, but gets going in a few minutes.

* * *

It is no use some folks in the motor industry raving against motor shows as unnecessary, expensive and no good for business. I will admit annual shows date manufacturers' goods, but that is the only drawback, as far as experience has proved in my observations. Take the recent Scottish Show, for instance. The Napier Company exhibited one carriage only at that exhibition on their Glasgow agent's stand. They sold this car at the show and delivered it immediately afterwards, and Napiers received another order from an Edinburgh resident as well. Two highly expensive carriages sold because of the show. Now to jump down to the South for another instance. Billy Rootes instituted the other week a commercial vehicle motor exhibition at Rootes, Ltd., showrooms at Maidstone, at which the firm exhibited some sixty different types and makes of goods-carrying motors. They sold seven motor waggons and lorries during the week this private motor show was on, and received many other inquiries that may lead to future business. Now Rootes, Ltd., have a most excellent car-selling business, but the Maidstone branch had not sold as many as seven commercial vehicles during the whole of the previous year. Yet this little show enabled them to sell seven goods waggons in one week, and that week but a short while ago in early February. So my opinion that motor shows stimulate business, and, therefore, must pay in the long run, is further strengthened by actual happenings.

* * *

The Royal East African Automobile Association has a most efficient and energetic secretary, so that its members gain his reflected glory and help, by the way, from all British motorists when such can be of assistance. For while East Africa is quite suitable for motor vehicles, Colonel W. H. Franklin, the British Trade Commissioner of those parts, states it is only due to the efforts of the secretary of the R.E.A.A.A. that English cars are being demanded to take the place of the "ubiquitous Ford." Now I do hope that our East African motoring friends will try some of our cheaper better-class cars, such as the 14 h.p. Bean, the 12 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley, and the 16 h.p. Cubitt, all of which have a 4 ft. 8 in. track, quite a high clearance, and excellent roomy coachwork, as well as quite powerful engines. But they must not expect these to be Rolls-Royces, though well worth their cost as compared with the Ford, which is their competitor. I do not propose to go into details of the running of all these makes, but I instance one item of the Cubitt, which is really good value for its price. At thirty-five miles an hour this engine has a decided "period," but when once the owner has discovered this all he needs do is to run it at a slower or a faster speed than this particular thirty-five miles an hour, and then there is no sign of undue vibration. And every car has some particular fault that is not really noticeable or harmful if duly acknowledged and countered, as they all can be. The mistake is that the manufacturer does not tell his customer on buying his goods their particular weaknesses and the means of their alleviation.

* * *

Crossley Motors, Ltd., Manchester, manufacturers of Crossley cars, have been appointed motor-car manufacturers to H.M. the King. This firm already held the appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the appointment to H.M. the King will be noted with great interest by the many admirers of this famous British car.

* * *

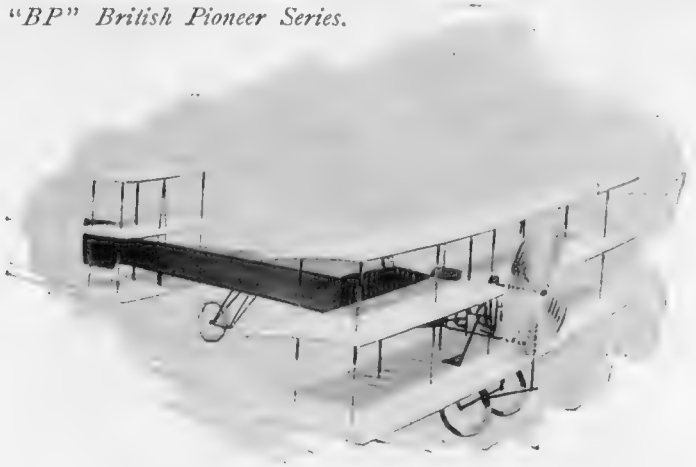
It is about time that the coachbuilding and motor-building trades devised a portmanteau word to take the place of the present "all-weather" carriage. As a matter of fact, the ideal motor-car is one that can be used either open or closed, like the coupé, whether it seats two or seven persons. When enclosed, the carriage is converted into a closed drive cabriolet, five-seated coupé, saloon, or limousine, title according to fancy. I have an idea for what would be an appropriate appellation that combines the open touring car and the fully enclosed town carriage, but should like to hear my readers' suggestions. Perhaps they will send a post-card, giving it a name, to

Old Hy.

OUT IN INDIA

A 24-70 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam, which was supplied to the Maharajah of Patiala, photographed on the Strand—India's coral variety. The number-plate, as will be seen, proclaims the State from which the car hails

"BP" British Pioneer Series.



A hop—a skip—a jump and it Flew!

British aviation has proved itself a precocious infant.

Only sixteen years ago—in 1908—what is claimed to be Britain's first aeroplane made a few short flights—or perhaps they should be called hops—on Lee Marshes.

The plane was the "Bull's Eye" triplane built by Mr. A. V. Roe. It carried a 10-h.p. J.A.P. engine and embodied many features that are common in aeroplane building to-day.

In the last Motor Glider races at Hendon and competitions at Lympne, British aviation demonstrated its remarkable development since 1908.

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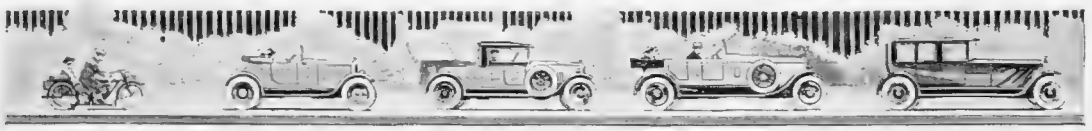

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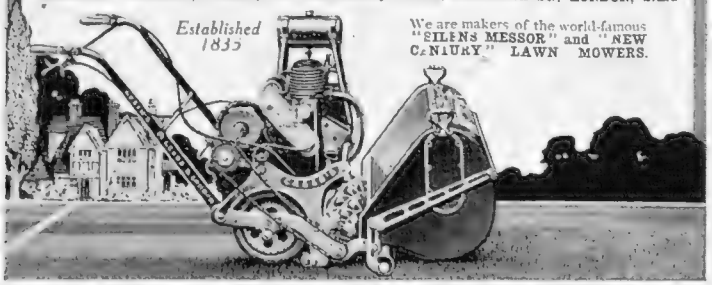

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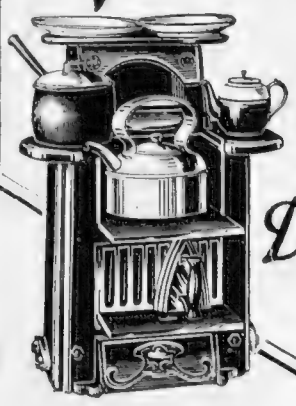

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Titan Boiler Works,
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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

Two first novels I can heartily recommend to your notice. One is Mr. Willson Disher's *Clown* (Leonard Parsons: 7*s.* 6*d.* net); the other is Mr. Bruce Beddow's *The Wine of Illusion* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). The clown as hero sounds sufficiently odd, but Mr. Disher's clown, for all his knock-about adventures in pantomime and elsewhere, is something much more than a figure of fun. It may be tragic that people laugh no matter what he may do—and he could have done much more than he does—but it is just possible that "tragic" is the wrong word. You must judge for yourself. It is enough to say here that Mr. Disher has written a most unusual and in many ways remarkable book: certainly a book which you will enjoy. His story is good, and it is told with real grace and distinction. Mr. Beddow's tale centres about the son of a provincial greengrocer who has won a First Novel Competition. His own head swells, and so does his father's. In fact, that wretched novel—I feel sure it must have been terribly bad—leads to all sorts of troubles. Most of these are amusingly described and thoroughly in the picture, but I don't feel that the Communist rumpus at the end was essential to the quaint little comedy. All the same, Mr. Beddow has written a most entertaining book.

❋

There is a new type of scallawag in *The Perilous Transactions of Mr. Collin* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), of whom it is good to read. Neither Mr. Collin nor his creator, Mr. Frank Heller, is English, although most of his peculiar adventures take place in London. Mr. Collin is not quite a Raffles and by no means a Sherlock, but he is permitted to exhibit one or two characteristics of both these heroes. His transactions, however, are almost peculiar to himself, and one hopes that the last has not been heard of him.

❋

Mr. Werner Laurie is to be congratulated on a delightful enterprise—no less than a complete edition in English of the works of Guy de Maupassant. I write "complete," but it is the public which will decide whether the enterprise can be carried out in its entirety. Three volumes, however, are promised, and of these one has appeared. *Bel-ami* (Laurie: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) is an extraordinarily interesting book, and not in the least out-of-date. It has a wretched hero, but as compensation it has two, if not three, of the most fascinating women in French literature. The new translation by Marjorie Laurie has been done with considerable grace and—discretion. Mr. Bowdler might not have approved, although modern British taste has been suitably respected. As a result, you have a most admirable version, very handsomely printed and produced. It is to be hoped that the publisher will receive sufficient support to enable him to give us at long last the complete works of this French master.

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Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry as "Mr. Tawnish" and Miss Mary Glynne as "Penelope" in the dramatised version of Mr. Jeffery Farnol's romance "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish," which is published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.

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Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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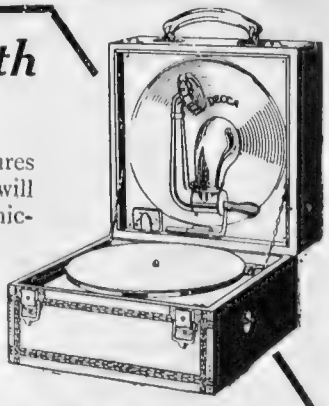
The First Breath of Spring



turns one's thoughts to the pleasures of the Open Air. Quickly now will come the days of boating, of picnicing, of country-cottage week-ends, of the seaside, of hammocks and deck chairs in the garden. How greatly the pleasures of these occasions will be enhanced by the possession of

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

THE weather prophets are busy prophesying a fine spring and a real summer after the severe, long-drawn-out winter. May their surmises come true is the profound hope of us all.

It will so simplify the question of dress, for one thing, and already there is to be observed a tendency to act on the report, the shops beginning even to show new cotton goods. And where these are concerned we are at last beginning to grow wise, and to see that we get materials the colours of which stand before the fiercest onslaught of King Sol.

The Value of Registered Names

TO ensure getting unfading fabrics, it is necessary to be knowledgeable as to names, since there is a considerable amount of stuffs on the market which are by no means invulnerable although labelled as such, and the majority come from the Continent.

A certainty, however, is "Solprufe," a process that is applied with equal success to thin and heavy cotton fabrics. The tests accorded "Solprufe" have been of the most exhaustive character, such as a complete range of colours submitted continually day and night to a voyage from Port Said to Bombay, thus being brought into contact with the strongest sun rays, sea air, and moist heat, not to mention smoke from the funnels, the result substantiating all the claims.

"Solprufe" fabrics include a variety of cotton weaves in furnishing materials, the most vivid and delicate tones standing as long as there is a thread left; a similarly prolific choice obtaining in dress goods like cotton voiles, poplins, and ratines. Of the last-named is the little frock illustrated, in a dainty *ciel* blue, with tucked vest, collar and sleeve insets of white lawn. This is the type of demure little frock that in its infinite variety can do no wrong just now, the onus of success resting on material, colour, and clever individual touches, which, if effected in "Solprufe," will face the fiercest summer with perfect equanimity.

For men, too, there are "Solprufe" stuffs as efficient in resisting rough treatment and weather elements in foreign climes, as they are smart in appearance. The firm responsible for the output is British—the Bradford Dyers' Association, 39, West Street, Bradford, from whom the fullest particulars may be obtained.

A DANCE FROCK OF THE MOMENT

This attractive dance frock is fashioned in orchid pink fulgurante veiled in orchid mauve and blue tulle. It is trimmed with silver ribbon outlined with *diamanté*

Sketched by "Bela"

Tulle for Dance Dresses

TULLE has been on the tapis for some time, and only held in abeyance by the lure of slim draperies; but it is now unquestionably to the fore, and dresses made of it are being accepted as a welcome change from the beaded chemise frocks and draped marocains and georgettes.

There is more wear in tulle than the majority perhaps are aware of, especially when arranged, as is mostly the case, in overlapping layers; the slim silhouette being maintained by a sheath-fitting slip of tissue or satin. An original suggestion, however, is pictured, based on the general styles adopted for this revived transparency. In this case the bodice and sheath underskirt are of orchid pink fulgurante, the latter veiled in orchid mauve and blue tulle, lightly gauged to outline the hips.

A BECOMING FROCK

A demure little frock in *ciel* blue "Solprufe" ratine. It has tucked vest, collar and sleeve insets of white pleated lawn. The "Solprufe" fabric of which it is made will face the strongest sun with ease

Sketched by "Bela"

Trimming the *décolletage*, armholes, and again requisitioned for the narrow waist girdle, with its amusing twisted *motif* and ends, is a silver ribbon, edged *diamanté*. It is in every way an enchanting little dance frock, artistic, and yet unusual in colour, and supremely becoming to the slight *svelte* figure of the girl of the moment.

Shingled Heads and the Garçon Frock

THE alliance is obvious, and one that for the moment has settled down into that curious phase, uniform dressing; though one never quite knows how soon or quickly the pendulum may swing back. However, sufficient for the day, and the decree is simplicity and a straight silhouette, emphasised in dresses effected in tubular stockinette on jumper lines, or similar models of cloth or fine serge or kasha, relieved by smart, discreet touches of embroidery. A like style of slimness and straightness obtains for afternoon gowns in crepe de Chine, crepe romain, and georgette, supplemented by a sash tied in a large, aggressive bow at one side. And with one and all there is worn the tiniest of hats, to preserve the small outline

of the head now *de rigueur*. Here is a typical example of a *trottoir* spring frock. Fashioned of fine dark blue sergella, the cut is undeviatingly straight from shoulders to hem, a line merely broken at a long waist by a band of embroidery in tones of bronze, gold and rust, that resolves into a pocket movement at the right side. Below this, a sash of black satin crepe is arranged between the embroidered band and this pocket, to tie at the opposite side.

There are turn-back quasi-cavalier cuffs of the *broderie*, while the severity of the bodice front is relieved by a narrow slit running from the neck to a normal waist, a tiny turn-over collar of the material with slight touches of embroidery finishing the throat. For the tubular stockinette referred to, there is a great demand. It is particularly attractive in marle mixtures of brown and beige, and although it may be slit up if required, it seems to lose its *raison d'être* when that has to be resorted to. And, moreover, it is unnecessary as there are widths fully wide enough for the narrow skirts now being worn.

In rainbow colourings there is a silk stockinette that makes the simplest and most fascinating of jumpers, especially appealing seen in conjunction with a self-tone coat and skirt. One can really dress on extraordinarily little these days, the main outlay being on materials and dress detail; but the choice, originality, and variety of dress fabrics surpasses all previous records. It is, in fact, rather an embarrassment of riches.

Lilliputian Furniture for the Queen's Dolls' House

EVERY day there comes fresh news of the amazing doings at Wembley for the great Imperial Exhibition, where everything seems to be on a gigantic scale, save the wonderful Queen's Dolls' House. That this will be an outstanding attraction is a foregone conclusion, the greatest minds and experts in the land having given their best services, and, moreover, gratuitously, to the building and equipping of this fairy palace.

PERFECTION IN MINIATURE

Furniture made by Mr. Howard, of Messrs. Howard and Sons, 25, Berners Street, W.1., for the Queen's Dolls' House, which will be on view at Wembley. The size of the chairs may be judged by the penny standing between them

It almost appears impossible to credit, indeed, that human fingers have produced the tiny pieces of furniture, the telephone, water taps that really function, a piano that can actually be played upon with the head of an ordinary pin, etc. And yet such is the absolute fact. When Sir Edwin Lutyens and his *confrères* propounded the scheme, they could scarcely have foreseen the fine labour it was likely to entail, a truth that was borne home very forcibly the other day after a talk with Mr. Howard, of Howard and Sons, 25, Berners Street, who are responsible for the main pieces of furniture, chairs, settees, tables and secretaires. Working on the scale of an inch to a foot the firm have manufactured the most perfect replicas of authenticated pieces, employing all the customary upholstery mediums, such as leather and tapestry, down filling for cushions and detachable seats, together with delicate watch springs for the interiors.

Examples of tapestry are provided in the adjoined illustration. A penny standing upright affords a clear idea of the minute size of these chairs, which measure four inches high instead of four feet, although replete in every detail. There is also a leather-covered suite, of which the lilliputian chair can be held between

(Continued on page viii)

THE
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Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4

No. 1,057.—Vol. LXXXI. Wednesday, March 5, 1924

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CO.'S WATER, MAIN DRAINAGE. TELEPHONE. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

NICELY LAID-OUT GARDENS of about ½ an ACRE, inexpensive of up-keep.

PRICE £2,700.

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High Ground, commanding capital Sea and Coast Line Views. Few minutes Golf Course.

DESIRABLE RESIDENCE, approached by carriage drive, southerly aspect: hall, 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall and offices.

MAIN DRAINAGE. CO.'S GAS AND WATER. RADIATORS.

Vinery, greenhouses, outbuildings, shady and secluded gardens, number of well-grown trees and shrubs, terrace, tennis and other lawns; large kitchen garden, fruit trees, in all about 4 ACRES.

Lease about 39 years. Ground Rent, £29 10s. per annum.

MODERATE PRICE.

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TOWN HOUSES.

MAYFAIR.

REDUCED PRICE FOR QUICK SALE

A **CHARMING CORNER RESIDENCE,** with South aspect; modernised and redecorated throughout; 7 bed rooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, and compact offices; independent hot water; parquet and marble floors; ground rent only £100 p.a.; reduced price for 62 years' lease.—Agents, DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, 129, Mount Street, W.

IN PERFECT ORDER THROUGHOUT.

A **MODERNISED AND BEAUTIFULLY FITTED** RESIDENCE; 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms and compact offices; lease 28 years; low ground rent.—Apply, DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

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NEWLY DECORATED AND FITTED RESIDENCE, in the best position of this important Square; suitable for entertaining on a moderate scale; long lease, at low ground rent, for SALE; splendid garage included.—Apply DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

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A **WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE** in a favourite position: 8 bed, 2 bath, 5 reception rooms and good offices; independent hot water; service lift; direct lease 63 years; ground rent £100 p.a.—Apply DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

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7 BEDROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, Etc.

NON-BASEMENT AND SEMI-DETACHED MODERN LABOUR-SAVING HOUSES now being erected; good gardens front and rear; private garage to each Residence; central heating; constant hot water; leases, 80 years; nominal ground rents; REASONABLE PRICES to include completion; plans available.—For full particulars apply DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

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MONTAGUE PLACE, W.1.—A COMPACT and WELL-APPOINTED medium-sized RESIDENCE: 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms and excellent offices; lease 35 years; low ground rent.—Apply DUNCAN B. GRAY and PARTNERS, as above.

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UNFURNISHED TOWN FLATS AND MAISONNETTES.

	Bed.	Bath.	Reception.	Lease.	Rent.	Premium.	Remarks.
Mount Street, W.1	2	1	2	14	318	£650	New Flat. Lift.
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Particulars of these and other excellent Flats on application.

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'Grams: "Parsee Rand," London.

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AS ESSENTIAL AS FRESH AIR. Destroyed after use, they arrest the infection in **NASAL CATARRH, INFLUENZA, COLDS,** Hay-fever, Measles, etc. *Pure white, soft "Silky Fibre,"* **50** for **2/-**. Also "Papier Crepon," thicker, **50** for **1/9.** Get **"TOINOCO"** brand at your chemist's and avoid self-infection with a fabric handkerchief. **Post Free.**
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1d. DAILY GRAPHIC 1d.
The World's Leading Picture Daily.

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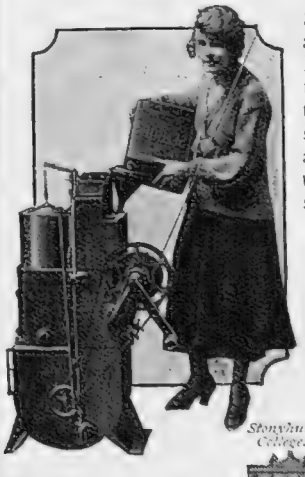

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ARE YOU AFRAID OF GOING BALD?

Amazing Discovery of Hair-Growing Secret.

PROVED BY NEARLY 1,000 DOCTORS

32pp. ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE.

If you are afraid of going bald, if your hair causes you the slightest anxiety, if it is dry and brittle, full of scurf or dandruff, if it is fading or falling out, even if you *are* bald, send a card at once for a free copy of an intensely interesting 32-page Illustrated Book about the startling hair-growing discovery that has caused such a sensation in medical circles.

So amazing has been the success of this new hair food, Humagsolan, that a special complimentary edition of its explanatory treatise has been prepared, and you should apply at once by letter or postcard to make sure of obtaining your free copy. It gives in clear, easy to understand language full details of the discovery that has revolutionised hair treatment. And it tells how Humagsolan has conquered hair troubles that have hitherto defied every form of treatment.

For years Scientists have known that the origin of nearly all hair troubles is malnutrition of the hair roots, and as Dr. David Walsh, M.D., Edin., points out: "... Like all other tissues of the body, including teeth and bone, hair derives its nourishment from the blood."

You, probably, and most of the general public do not know this, but the **Medical Profession** knows it, and that is why

NEARLY A THOUSAND DOCTORS

have endorsed Humagsolan, a wonderful new Hair Food that is made up in tablet form. It builds up from within the roots of the hair and positively makes hair grow. From the moment the treatment is commenced Humagsolan stops the hair from falling out, and it begins to grow stronger and thicker; bald patches disappear and natural vigorous growth is resumed. Humagsolan has been known to effect this wonderful change in the short space of a fortnight. Success can practically be guaranteed with one month's course of treatment. Many wise people who rejoice in good heads of hair take Humagsolan regularly to preserve its health. It will improve even the most beautiful hair.

If you have the slightest anxiety about your hair, if you are faced every morning with Nature's warning, do not delay! Send a letter or card for a special free copy of the intensely interesting 32-page illustrated book which embodies the whole of this interesting subject, together with sketches showing how hair grows, the position of the hair roots and how they function, etc. It also includes chapters on Hygiene of the hair, Your brush and comb, Scurf and dryness, Greasy Hair, Splitting Hair, Baldness, Nervous and Constitutional Troubles, Loss of Colour, Greyness, Alopecia, What the Doctors say, etc.

DO NOT DELAY — WRITE TO-DAY.

Do not hesitate to apply for a copy. It is sent to you **post free and implies no obligation on your part whatever.**

If you care to state in confidence any particulars concerning the nature of your hair trouble, a personal letter of advice will be sent free of all obligation on your part.

Applications for this valuable Book should be addressed to:
HUMAGSOLAN, Ltd., 24A, Faraday House, 10, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2.

How Flat Foot Starts

WHEN tiny feet first begin to bear the weight of little bodies the strain quickly finds any little weakness. Flat foot is due to a lack of support around the arch of the instep in these early years. You can avoid all risk of this troublesome complaint by fitting the kiddies with START-RITE Shoes from the first. An invisible extension of the inside leather stiffener—too short in the ordinary shoe—forms a natural support for the tiny arch of the foot and thus the instep develops strong and shapely. Test a START-RITE Shoe against any other make by pressing hard on the inside of the sole where the instep comes.

This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards

The extra strength which means so much to the tender bones and muscles is apparent at once. Not only do START-RITE Shoes help to mould the foot correctly but they last ever so much longer than ordinary shoes because they never collapse from uneven wear.

START-RITE No. S.1.

A good Willow Calf Oxford Walking Shoe suitable for everyday wear. The soles are hardwearing and the heels are the usual START-RITE shape.

	5-6½	7-8½	9-10½	11-12½	13-1½	2-3½
Brown S.1	14/-	15/-	16/3	17/3	18/3	20/6
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START-RITE

Patented

CHILDREN'S IMPROVED FOOTWEAR

We still have a few copies left of the Prince's Zoo Book which also gives full particulars of START-RITE Shoes. If you have not already had a copy, send a post-card for one to-day mentioning this paper. Also for name of nearest START-RITE Agent.

JAMES SOUTHALL & COMPANY, LTD.
NORWICH.

FAMOUS FOR FINE FOOTWEAR SINCE 1792.

(Also Makers of Thelma and Lightfoot Shoes for Ladies.)

Every Woman

knows that objectionable hair growths disfigure the arms and rob her of feminine daintiness. Unfortunately razors only make the hair grow faster and thicker each time they are used. This is why the soft, downy-growth on a youth's face rapidly becomes stiff, coarse and bristling, after he commences to use a razor, and why it is soon necessary for him to shave every day. Ordinary depilatories smell abominably, are bothersome to use and often contain very strong irritating chemicals. Veet is a new perfumed velvety cream that has entirely superseded razors and old-fashioned depilatories. Whereas the latter merely remove hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. Veet has no offensive odour and contains no poisonous chemicals. It has been endorsed and recommended by the Medical profession. You will find Veet as easy to use as a face cream. You simply spread it on just as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone as if by magic. Satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case or money is refunded. Veet may be obtained for 3/6 at all chemists, hairdressers and stores. Also sent post paid in plain wrapper for 4/-. (Trial size by post for 6d. in stamps.) *Address:* Dae Health Laboratories (Dept. 206K) 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1

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219/229 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2

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THE LAXATIVE FRUIT LOZENGE for
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GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES
3/4 Per Box of all High-Class Chemists
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SCOTTISH WOOLLEN
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Scotch Tweeds

that a good Tailor recommends

Scotch Tweeds, whatever their price, that bear the authenticating mark of the combined Scottish Woollen Industry (authorised by the Board of Trade) deserve and receive the recommendation of a good Tailor. The mark ensures that they are authentic—made in Scotland, therefore carrying the traditional Scottish patterns and Highland colourings. It also guarantees that they are made of Pure, New Wool—no cotton in them to fade and make shabbiness: no reworked rags to crease and pucker. Whether in the most exclusive sporting styles, or in quiet, inexpensive town checks or plain serges there is never any question of the genuineness and purity of

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"with the Trade Mark"

Issued by The Scottish Woollen Trade Mark Association, Limited, 27, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

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Woman's sweetest attribute

The first step towards the attainment of a really beautiful complexion is the regular cleansing with *Pond's Cold Cream.* The nightly message with this delightful Cream removes dirt from the pores in a surprising manner, renews their activity, softens rough skin, feeds tired tissues and helps to prevent or obliterate lines and wrinkles.

Use *Pond's Vanishing Cream* throughout the day as a refresher and as a protection against weather extremes.

"TO SOOTHE & SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both creams obtainable from all chemists and stores in opal jars at **1/3** *and* **2/6**, *and in collapsible tubes at* **7½d.** *(handbag size) and* **1/.**

FREE SAMPLES Pond's Extract Company will send, on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream containing a liberal supply.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 71, Southampton Row, LONDON, W.C.1.

Pond's Cold Cream

The new achievement in chocolate making—

THE early Victorian Sampler was a pattern or example of the most exquisite needlework of the period, an illuminating specimen of painstaking industry.

In just the same way Mackintosh's Sampler Chocolates have set a standard in the art of chocolate making. No better chocolates are obtainable at their price—if, indeed, there are any quite so good at higher prices. Sampler Chocolates are a delightful revelation of chocolate quality. Ask your confectioner.

Outsides of smooth, rich Chocolate, and insides—delicious, delicately flavoured centres, including Marzipan, Nougatine, Montelimart, Fruit Jellies and Cream Cup.

1/- PER QTR

Mackintosh's SAMPLER CHOCOLATES

MADE BY JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS, LIMITED, HALIFAX.
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NON-SLIP TRANSFORMATIONS.

NO NETWORK. NO FRAGILE PARTS. SECURE.

ALL ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS *(as sketch)*, With NATURAL PARTING From 6 Guineas.

ALL ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS Without PARTING From 3 Guineas.

SEMI Ditto from 5 Guineas.

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TOUPETS from £4 17 6

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DURABLE and HARD WEARING

Artistic Perfection in every detail.

A Selection of Chignons, Switches, etc., always in Stock.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

WOODVILLE TEINTURE.—Convenient for touching up the temples and front of the Hair. In the following shades: Pale Ashy Blond, Golden Blond, Chestnut, Light Brown, Medium Brown, Dark Brown & Black. Price **2/6** Bottle. Postage **4**d. extra.

THE WOODVILLE CO.

(Late 119, REGENT STREET),

1, BERNERS STREET (3rd floor), **OXFORD ST., W.1.**

(Opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth's)

Inventors, Patentees, and Sole Manufacturers and Vendors of the widely popular WOODVILLE Transformations. Maison de Confiance.

ROWLANDS'
is an absolute necessity
MACASSAR OIL
for the HAIR

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in **3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s.** sizes, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and ROWLANDS, London.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR
FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

Quickly removes Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Cutaneous Eruptions, and other Disorders of the Skin; makes it soft as velvet, adds the charm of youth to the complexion and will keep it in perfect condition all the year round.
Sizes: **2/6** and **5/-**
Sold by Stores, Chemists and **ROWLANDS,** London.

Bedroom Wraps at HARRODS

Graceful, and cut to give ample freedom and comfort, these Wraps are expressed in the newest material and colourings. Come along to-day and see the delightful display.

'DAPHNE
Distinctive Bedroom Wrap in good quality Moiré. Well cut with wide sleeves and wrap-over skirt, smartly tying on hip. Very dainty and practical. In Powder Blue, Rose Pink, Mauve or Black. 52/9

The Salon for Bedroom Wraps is on Harrods Second Floor.

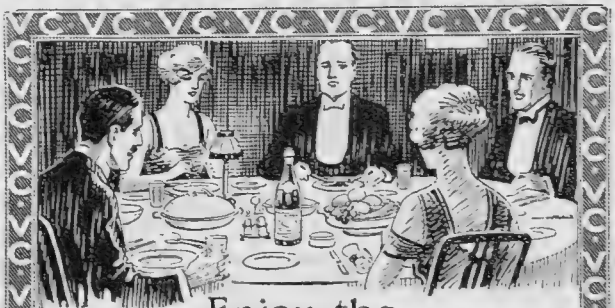
HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

YOUR HANDS DESERVE DENT'S GLOVES

For Fashion's foregatherings

You will find *just* the gloves you want among the wealth of wonderful new designs by Dent.
Ask your draper or glover to show them to you—but be sure there is a "D" on the buttons or the word "Dent's" within the wrist. That proves that they are really

DENT'S GLOVES



Enjoy the Pleasures of the Table

and correct errors of diet by always drinking

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

THE FRENCH NATURAL MINERAL WATER.
Secures and maintains a healthy action of the liver.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS
is regularly imported and can be obtained at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

VICHY ETAT

Sole Wholesale Agents:
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Bangor Wharf,
45, Belvedere Road, London. S.E. 1

the thumb and first finger of a hand. The leather used in this case had to be thinned down to a fineness exceeding that used by bookbinders, though there is no evidence of this delicacy in the finished pieces. The carving of the miniature legs represents artistry that has never been surpassed. But all is wonderful and yet again wonderful, and a complete revelation of the heights to which latter-day skill has attained.

A "Hardy" Annual

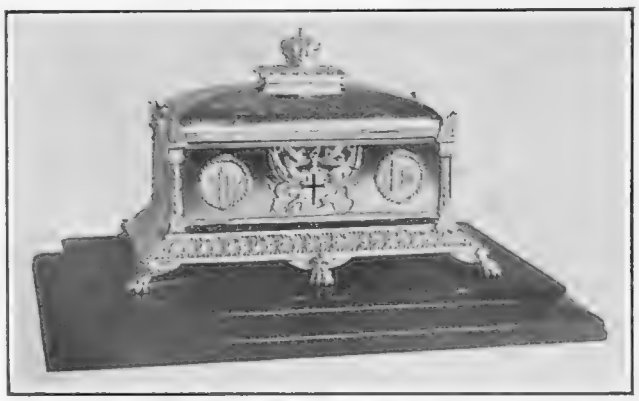
That excellent publication, *Hardy's Anglers' Guide*, is now ready for the season 1924. It contains twenty-four beautiful colour pages illustrating flies for every sort of river-fishing and a fund of valuable information for the angler on everything connected with his hobby. Write to Messrs. Hardy Bros., Ltd., Alnwick, England, for a copy (price 2s.).

An Historic Estate

Among the many great historic estates of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, such as Sawley, Thornton, Elslack and Rimington, is that fine old ruin of Sawley Abbey. Like so many of the old Cistercian houses of England it has passed through troubled times. It was founded in 1147, helped financially by William de Percy, the fourth Baron. It suffered a good deal in the first century or so of its existence from the unwelcome attentions of marauding Scots, and in 1536 Henry VIII gave orders to the Earl of Derby to "prepare to the Abbey of Sawley . . . and take the Abbot and Monks and their Assistants forthwith with violence in their monks apparel, and cause them to be hung up as arrant traitors and movers in insurrection and sedition." Sawley Abbey is one of the lots which Messrs. Duncan Gray and Partners, of 129, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, are putting up for public auction this month. The estates for sale comprise eighty grass farms, many small holdings, woodland, and exclusive fishing rights in the Ribble.

Publicity Clubs

Advertising to-day is a very powerful factor in community life; comparatively few of us, even in the newspaper world, realise the extent of its ramifications. There are Advertising Clubs in nearly every town in North America, which are affiliated to that greater organisation, the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. In this country Publicity Clubs are growing up in many cities, and have been found most helpful to members as a means of pooling knowledge and experience. The Publicity Club of London has recently issued an illuminative booklet, *The Business Value of Publicity Clubs*, which will be of great assistance to all who are interested in this very "live" movement. Copies will be sent (postage 1½*d.*) on application to the Hon. Development Secretary, Publicity Clubs, Hotel Cecil, W.C.



PANDORA'S BOX—

—Otherwise the 18-carat gold casket presented to Lord Ullswater with the Freedom of the City of London at the recent Guildhall ceremony. It was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.

A 'Flu-Fighter From Cuba

It is about this time, when winter still wraps us in its chilly embrace and spring seems further off than ever, that influenza is most apt to catch us in its deadly grip—if, that is to say, it has not already done so! The value of alcohol as a fighter of real value against 'flu is too well-established nowadays to require any emphasising, but exactly what form the stimulant should take is a problem that exercises the minds of many. However, they need worry no longer on that score, for Messrs. Hedges and Butler, Ltd., of 153, Regent Street, W.1, have just placed on the market the Cuban spirit, "Ron Bacardi," which is distilled by a special process from the sugar-cane and has long been regarded as a valuable preventative against 'flu in the Americas. So those who live in daily dread would do well to take spirit—"Ron Bacardi" for choice.

Spring
Curtains & Covers

All those seeking the latest
FURNISHING FABRICS
should inspect the complete range of Story's new patterns and colourings now on view in their Showrooms.

Many of them have been specially designed and produced by Story's, and they suggest entirely new ideas in the decoration of Windows and Furnishings.

STORY'S
Kensington.w.

STORY & Co. LTD., 49-53, Kensington High Street, W

"There are no Birds in Last Year's Nest"

You may have heard this Spanish proverb before. It has its equivalent in the English saying, "Gather roses while you may," and the terse Latin, "*Carpe diem.*" To nothing do these sayings apply with greater force than to Life Assurance.
Seize the present opportunities of Youth and Health to effect a Life Policy and make provision for old age.

A WITH-PROFIT
ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE
with the
Standard Life Assurance Company
is one of the finest means of doing this

Write for Explanatory Leaflet 'Y 2'
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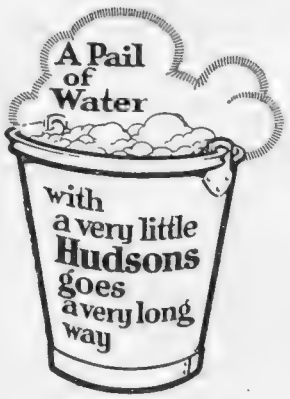
The STANDARD LIFE
Assurance Company. — Estd. 1825.
Head Office: 3 George Street, EDINBURGH.
LONDON (City): 110 Cannon Street, E.C. 4.
LONDON (W.E.): 15a Pall Mall, S.W.1.
DUBLIN: 59 Dawson Street.

Hudson's Soap

For Bachelors and Grass Widowers too

MEN are supposed to be helpless creatures when left to their own devices. But give them a packet of Hudson's Soap and they soon knock the stuffing out of a washing-up job.

No grease is proof for an instant against Hudson's and hot water. Even egg stains and hardened mustard are easily outwiled. Every woman ought to introduce her husband or brother (or both) to Hudson's for washing-up. It makes the job so simple that, even when she's there to do it herself, she can easily leave it to the clumsy sex.



For washing clothes—for cleaning home—for cleaning paint surfaces.

IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE.

H 192—34

R. S. HUDSON LIMITED, LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON.

DRESSED VEGETABLES

Jerusalem Artichokes au Parmesan

Boil till quite tender sufficient Jerusalem artichokes to fill up some scallop shells; cut them up very small, and mix them in a little Béchamel sauce. Add a little pepper and salt, strew on thickly some grated Parmesan, and over that some breadcrumbs; put little pieces of butter all over the top, and brown under the grill.

Endive Stewed with Cream

Wash four heads of endive thoroughly, pluck off the outer green leaves, put them into a stewpan of boiling salt and water and boil them quickly till tender; then drain and squeeze them dry, cut off the roots, and chop them very fine. Rub them through a sieve into a stewpan, add 1 oz. of butter and a little salt; stir it over a slow fire for a few minutes; then mix in two dessertspoonfuls of white sauce, a tablespoonful of cream, and a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Stir over the fire till thick, pile up in a dish, and garnish with fried sippets.

Stuffed Onions

Peel a couple of fair-sized Spanish onions, parboil and drain them, scoop out the centre, but keep the onions whole. Chop up the inside of the onion with a little meat and a little bacon, add some breadcrumbs, a sprig of parsley, a small piece of lemon-peel, chopped fine; add pepper and salt to taste; then beat it all up to a paste with a well-beaten egg and stuff the onions with it, dredge them with flour, place them in a stewpan with a rich brown gravy to cover them, and let them stew gently for two hours. Sprinkle over a little grated cheese.

Tomato Briquets

Cut 1 lb. of tomatoes in halves and lay them in a deep dish. Pour over them sufficient oil to cover, and add a good squeeze of lemon-juice, Tarragon vinegar, salt, pepper and a little chopped parsley. Let stand for an hour, then take up and drain the tomatoes carefully on a cloth. Dip each into a light frying batter, so as completely to cover them, then drop into very hot fat, and fry to a nice golden brown. Take up, drain on paper, dish up on a hot dish, and serve.

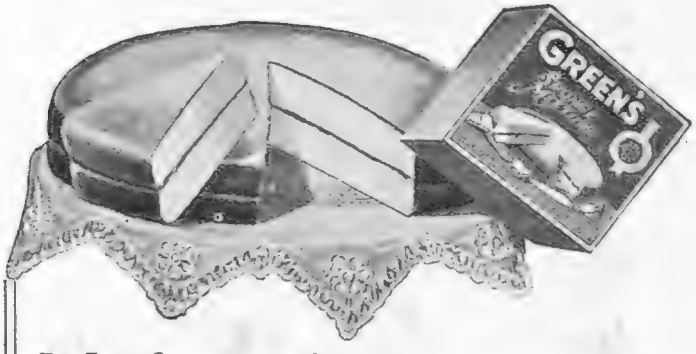
Curried Tomatoes

Cut some tomatoes in slices and bake them slightly, chop a small onion and fry in dripping or margarine till a golden colour, add a teaspoonful of curry powder, the same of flour, and fry well, then stir in four teaspoonfuls of gravy, a very little desiccated cocoa-nut, a teaspoonful of chutney and a squeeze of lemon. Add the tomatoes and simmer in the sauce for twenty minutes, or, if a gas oven is being used, put the curried tomatoes in a casserole or basin in the oven for the same time. Serve hot with rice.

Potatoes à la Crême au Gratin

Cut some boiled potatoes into slices about an inch in diameter. Make a white Béchamel sauce, in which grated cheese (Parmesan, if at hand) has been well mixed, place some neat little fried croûtons round the bottom of the dish, in the form of a coronet, place inside it a close circular row of the sliced potatoes, and then spread a layer of the sauce and cheese over them, repeat the row of potatoes and the sauce till the dish is full, shake some bread-crumbs and grated cheese over all. Bake in the oven for twenty minutes and serve.

EMILIA



Make a big Sponge Cake THIS WEEK

Green's Sponge Mixture is the ideal preparation for making something extra good for tea, Sponge Sandwiches, Swiss Rolls, Genoese and other dainties that delight everyone.

Try one packet: see how good your sponge cakes can be.

GREEN'S SPONGE MIXTURE

Of all Grocers and Stores.

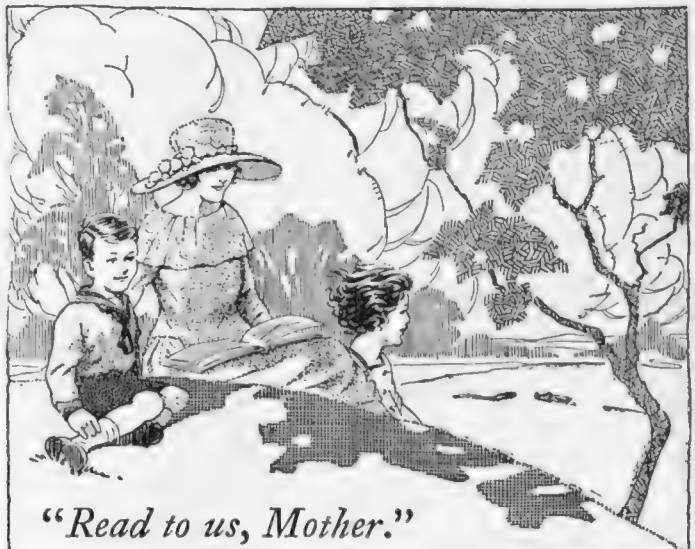
6½d. PER PKT. Chocolate or Raspberry Flavours 7d. per packet.

H. J. GREEN & CO., LTD., BRIGHTON.

The New Delicacy

GREEN'S TANGERINE JELLY

A real delicacy. So perfectly true in flavour. Try it. In crystals or squares of all high-class Grocers and Stores.



"Read to us, Mother."

The moulding of a child's character is more influenced by the reading of fiction and romance than many a mother would suspect.

No mother can exercise too thoughtful a supervision of childhood's reading. And while caring for the mind, let her not forget the body that needs *the wholesome, refreshing, nightly use of Wright's Coal Tar Soap.*

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

The Nursery Soap-Protects from Infection

"I Love to Dance but—OH! MY FEET!"

Try this and forget all your aches, pains, strains, corns, callouses, or other foot troubles.

You have only to dissolve a small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a hot foot-bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

Phyllis Monkman says saltrated water is wonderful. The refreshing foot-bath prepared by adding Reudel Bath Saltrates is not only highly medicated, but it also contains oxygen, an element which is Nature's own refreshing and healing agent. There is no other way in which these wonderful properties can be imparted to the water. The saltrated bath has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them, even in their worst forms. Every sensation of burning, chafing and bruising; all swelling, stiffness and inflammation; *any* sort of corn, callous, or other foot torture, will soon be only an unpleasant memory of the past. Merely cutting the top off a corn with a razor, or burning it off with caustic liquids, plasters, etc., is about as logical as cutting the top off an aching tooth, and is simply a waste of time. Also it hurts, and is dangerous.

Millions of packets of Reudel Bath Saltrates have been sold, every one containing a signed guarantee to return money in full if any user is dissatisfied. No question, no delay, and no red tape. Yet the sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, as you will understand when you see for yourself the wonderful effect it produces. In packets of convenient sizes and at very low prices, from all chemists.

Jumping from one brand to another is not discrimination. Men who know choose O.V.H. and adhere to this choice. You will know why when you've tried this famous brand yourself.

Remember the name O.V.H.

WILLIAM GREER & Co., Ltd.
Distillers.
133 Waterloo Street, Glasgow.
London: 35 Trinity Square, E.C.3.

Greer's
OLD VATTED HIGHLAND WHISKY

The "La-Rola" Complexion commands Admiration.

Regularly nourished by this famous emollient tonic, the "La-Rola" Complexion always maintains, under all weather conditions, the freshness and radiance of perfect health.

BEETHAM'S
La-rola
(as pre-war).

tones up the deeper tissues of the skin and gives the surface complexion a smoothness and fineness of texture which successfully defy the vagaries of our treacherous climate. (Use before going out.) Use La-Rola on face, neck, hands and arms daily and keep your complexion "fit." If applied to the face *before* motoring, it will save you all discomfort.

From all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, **1/6.**

PALE COMPLEXIONS
may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives
THE BEAUTY SPOT!
Boxes 1/-

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WOMEN WRITERS!
Earn While You Learn.

Learn to Write **Articles** and **Stories.** Earn while learning. Make your spare hours profitable. Write to-day for free illustrated booklet.—Regent Institute (Dept. 224A), 13, Victoria St., W.1.

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18 Hole Golf.
The Most Equable Climate.
The Most Reasonable Terms.
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AIREDALES
Specially trained against **BURGLARS,** for ladies' guards; not quarrelsome. Safe children.
From **10 Gns. Pups 5 Gns.**
Just Published: **'Watch Dogs, their Training and Management."** 7/6. Post 9d. Hutchinson and all booksellers.
Broxbourne, Herts
30 mins. from Liverpool Street

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
NOT A DEPILATORY, NOT ELECTROLYSIS
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JAZZ-BAND. ATTRACTIONS AND VARIETIES.
Programme changed weekly.
14, Rue Caumartin, PARIS.
Lunch Fr. 17 **Dinner Fr. 20**
Champagne Fr. 45 **Drinks Fr. 6**
Dancing from Dinner to Midnight.

THE BEST WAY TO GET GOOD BACON.
Buy a side of FISHER'S "PEERLESS"
(about 42 lbs.) at 10½d. per lb., smoked or unsmoked, rail paid, guaranteed prime quality and to keep for two months. Cash or satisfactory references. Compare this price with any others. List free.
Wm. FISHER,
BACON CURER,
BRISTOL.

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10-15 H.P.

WITH FRONT WHEEL BRAKES

THE 10-15 h.p. Windsor represents the latest proved design in automobile engineering. Embracing every desirable refinement—including front-wheel brakes as standard equipment—the Windsor is a quality production throughout. Its refined appearance, comfortable bodywork and ease of handling commend it at once to the experienced motorist. At a moderate first cost and running expense the Windsor will provide years of faultless service.

CHASSIS SPECIFICATION.

4-cylinder engine, 65 x 102 mm., unit construction; detachable cylinder head. Overhead valves, oil circulation by pump. Battery ignition. Thermo-syphon cooling; dry plate clutch; 4-speeds and reverse, right-hand change. Internal expanding brakes on all four wheels; electric starting and lighting; 5 detachable wheels with 710 x 90 cord tyres; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; speedometer; clock; patented non-glare illuminated dash; Wefco spring gaiters; oil and petrol gauge; luggage grid; large tool box at rear with complete set of tools, jack, pump, etc.

MODELS & PRICES:

Two-seater, completely equipped £360

Four-seater, completely equipped, including rear wind screen .. £375

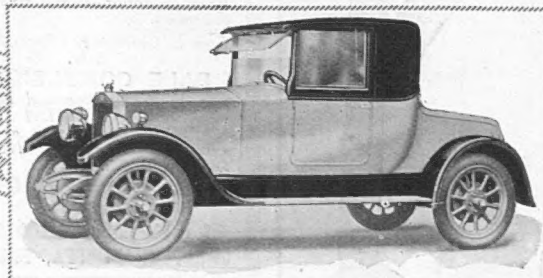
Coupé, with large dickey seat .. £465

James Bartle & Co. (Sales) Ltd.,

236a, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill, London, W.11

Telephone: Park 6593. Telegrams: "Bartle 6593 Park, London."

Manufacturers: James Bartle & Co. Ltd., Lancaster Road, London, W.11

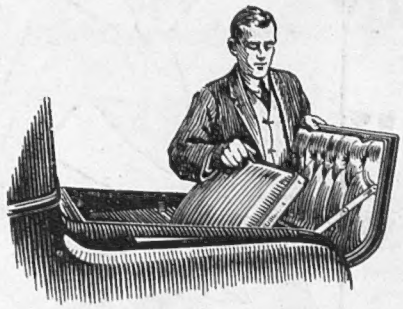


12

The Car that is different
and REASONS WHY—

Hillman

The Guaranteed Car



REASONS WHY.—No. 3.

The spacious dickey seat opens with one revolving motion. It is low and well upholstered, providing comfortable accommodation for two adults, and considerable storage capacity for luggage when closed.

SPRING, summer, autumn or winter—any time's HILLMAN time. It is a car for wintry weather when the wind is whistling through the woods, or the snow drifting up the drive—for the sun-lit days of June or the scorching sun of the south. *Whatever the weather the HILLMAN is right.* If the weather is cold it is only a matter of moments to pull up the hood with one hand from the driver's seat, and erect the side screens which are mounted in metal frames, finished a dull black; the HILLMAN is then indistinguishable from a coupé, wind and draught proof, with no drum or rattle. If a semi-closed or open touring car is desired the HILLMAN answers the call, it is a car for every season. *Any time's HILLMAN time.*

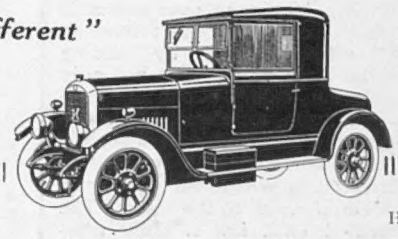
At the reduced prices of £350 for the All-weather Two/Three Seater, and £358 for the All-weather Four Seater, the 1924 HILLMAN represents remarkable value. Dunlop Tyres are fitted as standard.

The famous HILLMAN TWELVE MONTHS' GUARANTEE remains the same. A postcard will bring you a copy of the HILLMAN Catalogue.

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., Coventry.

HILLMAN LONDON DISTRIBUTOR: 143/149, Great Portland Street, W.1.

"The Car that is different"



H.P.

Why does this car run so much better in traffic

because it has a Zenith Carburetter which ensures the correct mixture at all engine speeds and especially in slow running. The

ZENITH Carburetter

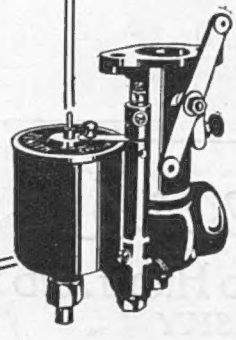
also enables the car to run up hills easily "on top" by its tremendous reserve of power. For petrol saving, increased acceleration, power and easy starting have a Zenith fitted to your car.

YOU CAN HAVE ONE ON A MONTH'S TRIAL

Send for descriptive Booklet to:—

ZENITH CARBURETTER Co. LTD., 40-44, Newman Street, London, W.1

Tel.—MUSEUM 4812-3



PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

Laces are so inexpensive that it is no economy to buy other than the best. The best laces are those which, whilst giving the longest wear, retain their smart appearance and colour.

Such are Paton's Laces.

PRICES:

Boot Laces: 2d., 3d. & 4d. per pair.

Shoe Laces: 4d. & 6d. per pair.

In Black, Tan, White, Nigger and Grey.

Leather Laces: 4d. & 6d. per pair.

Most boot-dealers, stores and repairers sell them—in case of difficulty write to the mills.

WM. PATON LTD., JOHNSTONE, SCOTLAND.

P 16.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW SPRING HATS AT MODERATE PRICES

Fine Pedal straw mushroom, *trimmed foliage in self colours. In Red, Brown, Black, and Blue. Price* **49/6**

This Hat will be found in our Ground Floor Millinery Dept.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

Sent on approval.

PURE SILK MILANESE UNDERWEAR

AT SPECIAL PRICES.

The garments illustrated are in pure silk Milanese made in this country. This material is most attractive in appearance and economical in wear. It is strongly recommended for its wearing and washing qualities.

PURE SILK MILANESE VEST (as sketch) trimmed dainty design of Guipure lace, perfect fitting, medium size, full length. In White, Pink, Sky, Mauve, Lemon, Peach, Apple, and Cyclamen.

PRICE

15/9

PURE SILK MILANESE KNICKERS to match, **18/9**.

Debenham & Freebody

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EXPERT POSTICHEURS

WE are specialists in the art and craft of MARCEL WAVING, HAIR COLOURING, PERMANENT HAIR WAVING, ELECTROLYSIS, CHIROPODY and MANICURE. All these important sections are staffed only by qualified operators. The saloons are perfectly equipped, and the most approved methods of Hygiene installed.

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Ladies are invited to visit the Ladies' and Children's Hairdressing Department where personal attention and satisfaction are assured.

Special attention is also given to Children's Hair Culture.

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This becoming Coiffure can be arranged to suit individual requirements, and is made in:

Grade A	Full Transformations from		**12 Gns.**
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Only the highest quality European Hair is used in the manufacture of our hair work, and is selected and made under personal supervision of London's recognised expert.

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The Happiness of the Home depends upon the Health of the Husband. Insurance will protect you against loss of your present property, but Sanatogen will do much more. It will enable your husband to keep his health and earning powers, to improve his position, to get more, and enjoy it more. Sanatogen will strengthen his nerve and brain, giving him a splendid reserve of vitality and endurance.

Do not think that you cannot help your husband to success in his work. You can! If you see to it that he takes Sanatogen regularly. Buy Sanatogen to-day and let your husband take it with his meals for a few weeks. He will soon experience the beneficial effects and quickly recover all his old-time energy and joy of life.

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The good Sanatogen will do your husband, it will do also to your children and the rest of your household. Sanatogen builds healthy, happy home life.

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